

Epicteti Enchiridion.

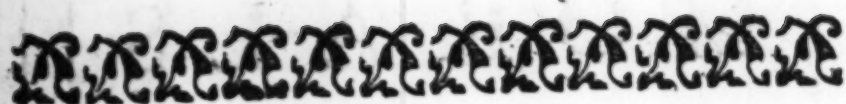
THE
MORALS
OF
EPICTETUS

Made *ENGLISH*,
IN A *K*
Poetical Paraphrase.

BY
ELLIS WALKER, *M. A.*

DUBLIN:

Printed by and for *Sam. Fairbrother*,
Bookseller, and are to be Sold at his
Shop in *Skinner-Row*, 1724.



Licensed,

August the 20th.
1691.



Rob. Midgley.





To my Honoured Uncle
Mr. Samuel Walker
Of YORK.

WHen I fled to you for shelter, at the Breaking out of the present Troubles in *Ireland*, I took *Epictetus* for my Companion ; and found that both I and my Friend were Welcome. You were then pleas'd to express an high Esteem for the Author, as he very well deserves it : You prais'd his Notions as Great, Noble, and Sublime, and much exceeding the Pitch of other Thinkers. You may remember, I then told you, that as they seem'd such to me, so I thought they would very well take a Poetical

The Dedication.

Dress : You said, the Attempt was bold,
but withal wish'd it well done. I hur-
ry'd on with Zeal for an Author belov'd
by you, and admir'd by all, have made
the Essay a grateful Diversion to me,
though perhaps I may have pleas'd you
better in Admiring the Author, than in
Translating him. However having at-
tempted it, to whom should I dedicate
my Endeavours but to you, whose Good-
ness gave me so kind a Reception, whose
Bounty relieved me in an undone Con-
dition, and afforded me the Leisure and
Opportunity to shew my Desire of plea-
sing you, if such a Trifle as this can any
way pretend to please. Epistles of this
kind are for the most part Tokens of Gra-
titude ; I know no One in the World,
to whom I am so much oblig'd as I am
to You, and I make it my Request, that
you will accept of This, as an hearty
and thankful Acknowledgment, from

*Your most obedient humble Servant,
and affectionate Nephew,*

ELLIS WALKER.

In praise of EPICTETUS.

I.

Great Epictetus, pardon, if we praise !
 'Tis not thy Character to raise ;
 The top of all Fame's Pyramid is thine,
 Where in her brightest Glories thou dost shine,
 Where, though unfought by thee,
 She gives thee her Eternity,
 And bears you to the height you scorn'd to climb.
 In speaking all that's good of You, she shews
 That now and then, how to speak truth she knows.
 All admire what's truly good,
 And that they do so, all would have it understood ;
 There's then a right, which to our selves we do
 In Praising, Reading, and Translating you.

II.

Thousands have been esteem'd for having writ,
 And in Time's Chronicles do justly live,
 With all th' applause that Letter'd Fame can give.
 But you with brave disdain
 Despise the common road to Fame,
 That old stale trick, as known an artifice,
 As Pimping for acquiring Greatness is.
 By a great method of your own,
 You by not writing are more Glorious grown ;
 For every Word that from you fell,
 Your Hearers have receiv'd as from an Oracle,

*And banded down to us ; for so 'twas fit
That your immortal Wit,
Should ever live, without your seeking it.*

III.

*None (as mere Men) but you, could ever reach
The pitch of living up to what they teach,
And could you have receded from
Your noble Principles resolv'd upon,
What vast Preferments might such Parts have had ?
What Offers had not Fortune made ?
But blind and foolish though she be,
Full well she knew that she,
With all her outward gifts could nothing add to thee:
You generously brave
Ennoble the opprobrious name of Slave ;
And shew, a Wise-man may be truly great
In each condition, ev'ry state.*

IV.

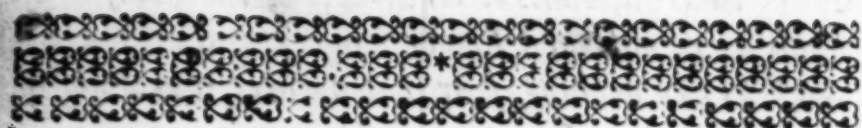
*Thine was intrinsick Greatness, real Worth,
No painted Ixion Cloud, no glittering froth,
Not such as doth consist in store
Of Houses or of Land,
The prey, the sport of fire, or of the stronger hand ;
Nor was it varnish'd o'er
With Riches, which proud Churlcs enslave,
Which Knaves board up, for some more daring Knave,
Nor such, as glories in the banded knee
Of Sycophant Servility,
Which, when the humble Wretch his ends doth gain,
He may grow sawcy, and detain ;*

No ;

No ; 'twas substantial Greatness of the Soul,
 Such as no outward Power can controul,
 Such as can nothing fear, can nothing want :
 This we true Greatness justly grant.

V.

Experience shews, how well you have confin'd
 All Happiness, all Greatness, to the Mind.
 For he, that sees the Captive led along,
 Pensive, amidst the bellowing throng,
 Withfolded Arms, his Grandeur laid aside :
 And then another with mean Flattery
 Courting the rascal Herd, the senseless Mobile,
 Stroaking the Beast that he intends to ride,
 And all to gratifie his boundless Pride :
 He, who in History runs o'er,
 The Worthies that have liv'd before,
 And sees great Dioclesian quit his Seat,
 His Princely Palace, for a cool Retreat,
 And sees the fierce Pellean Youth bestride
 The conquer'd Globe and weep dissatisfied ;
 He must of force confess,
 Nothing without can give true Happiness ;
 And all his Heroes of Antiquity
 Salves in an eminent degree ;
 And only Epictetus truly Great and Free.



U P O N
EPICTETUS
H I S
M O R A L S.

K Ind Reader, if thou only art
Christian in Name, and not in Heart,
Or hast an Hope thy self to approve
Without true Faith, or Heav'nly Love,
View in this Book (and be asham'd)
An Heathen far for Virtue Fam'd,
That SAVING NAME He never knew,
Whereof We boast, but nothing do:
Yet if the Knowledge, Christians have,
Without a working Faith can't Save,
Who knows, since his good Works were Free,
And Forc'd his Ignorance, but He
Maybe accepted, being made
A Law t'himself, which he obey'd?
In Slavery he was confin'd;
But a free Monarch in his mind,

His

*His Body maim'd, his Fortune poor ;
 But his rich Soul aloft did soar,
 And nobly left the drossy Ground
 And spurn'd the Earth ; to which we're bound.
 Malice and Calumny, and Pride,
 Could ne're in him triumphant ride ;
 Envy his Bosom ne're did stain ;
 He never falsely swore for Gain ;
 Revenge to him was never sweet ;
 Nor Fraud, which ev'ry where we meet.
 The dazzling Rays of Beauty's flame,
 And Passion, which the World doth tame,
 False Interest, Astræa's Foe,
 And Vice, which all too much do know,
 And fond Opinion's gaudy show.
 All these he bravely did despise ;
 On Virtue only fix'd his Eyes ;
 And laugh'd at Fortun's giddy Power ;
 Contemn'd her Sweet, nor fear'd her Sour.
 No Bribes, nor Threats could make him start ;
 Nor Loss, nor Pain afflict his Heart.*

*He saw the World was mean and low,
 Patrons a Lie ; Friendship a Show ;
 Preferment Trouble, Grandeur vain ;
 Law a Pretence, a Bubble Gain ;
 Merit a Flash, a Blaze Esteem ;
 Promise a Rush, and Hope a Dream ;
 Faith a Disguise, and Truth Deceit ;
 Wealth but a Trap, and Health a Cheat :
 These dangerous Rocks this Pilot knew,
 And wisely into Port withdrew,*

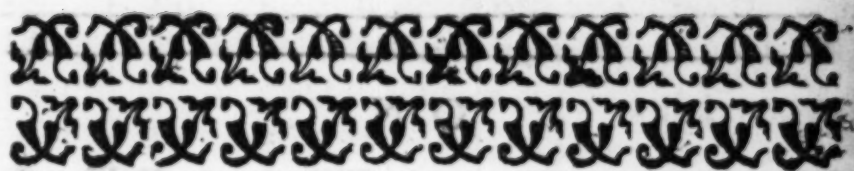
*Let all these Outward things alone,
 To hold what only was his own,
 The rightful Empire of the Mind,
 Whence all our Acts their rise do find,
 Whence all our Motions freely flow,
 Our Judgment and our Reason too,
 Whereon our whole Success depends;
 The Last and Greatest of all Ends !*

*This Doctrine, with such Wisdom fraught,
 Great EPICTETUS liv'd and Taught ;
 Christian make haste and learn his Wit : ———
 I fear, Thou'rt scarce an Heathen yet.*

EMMANUEL College
 Cambridge,
 Septemb. 28th, 1691.

Joshua Barnes.

UPON



U P O N

E P I C T E T U S

His LITTLE BOOK taken out of the

G R E E K E P I G R A M S.

THE Sense, which Epictetus doth impart,
Consider well and treasure in your Heart :
That so your Soul from Earth aloft may rise,
Aspiring to her Native Seat, the Skies.

On the Same.

He, that Great Epictetus truly knows,
Amid Life's Storms, serene and smiling goes ;
Till Nature's Voyage finish'd, he at last
Safe Anchor in the Port of Heav'n doth cast.

Leonidas upon Epictetus.

ASLAVE I was, of Fortune's Favours bare,
In Body maim'd, and yet to Heaven dear.

ON

ON
EPICTETUS
HIS
ENCHIRIDION,

Translated into English Verse.

YOU bold disputing Atheist, come and see.
The beauteous Rays of the *Divinity*
Shine in a mortal Breast, which Scripture-Light
Did not inform, did not direct i'th' Night
Of Ignorance, which did becloud the Mind
O'th' *Ethnick* World, that *Truth* they could not
find,

Until the *Morning-Star*, that brighter Ray
Of Heav'nly Glory, form'd the Gospel-Day.

Yet those great Lessons, which that * *Master*
(taught, }
Of Patience, Meekness, Love, Revenge un-
(sought, }
Of Temp'rance, Justice, and of purer Thought,

* *Jesus Christ.*

Of.

Of Moderation both in Word and Deed,
 Of prudent Conduct when we drink or feed,
 Of curbing Passions, quenching lustful Fires,
 And sublimating earthly base Desires ;
 These Lessons *Epictetus* learnt and taught
 By his Direction, who inspir'd his Thought,
 From whom all good and perfect Gifts do come,
 Which Mortals have from th' Womb unto the
 Tomb.

Behold what Virtues in his Soul combine,
 Whose radiant Lustre *Christians* does out shine,
 Call him no longer *Heathen*, but *Divine*.
 His dusky Glimmers in the *Pagan*-Night
 Did only want the Rays of Gospel-Light
 To make them shine as glorious, and as bright.
 As that † dark Soul, which, when reflected on
 By th' Heav'nly Light, shone brighter than the
 Sun.

Think, think, *Atheistick* Man, how this can be
 Without the Beamings of the *Deity* :
 Which darts its glorious Light upon the Soul,
 Which throughout all her Faculties does rowl.
 And thou, immortal Christian, blush to see
 Such Sparks of Grace, which Strangers are to thee.
 Blush to behold Heathens excel in *Fame*,
 Whom thou, poor Man, only excell'st in *Name*.

† *Saul*, *Act*. 9. 2.

The

The Heathen does in glorious Works out-shine
 Thy graceless Faith, which is an empty Vine :
 Go, learn of *Epictetus*, then of *Christ*,
 First learn to be a Man, and then thou may'st
 Ascend to Grace, and Glory in the High'st.
 Prepare thy Morals, as a Ring of Gold,
 The Gem of Grace, enshrined there, to hold.

Learn, wavering Man, to suffer and to do
 What *Jesus* taught, and hath commanded you,
 From *Epictetus*, who will teach you too
 Those Gospel-Lessons, which we have forgot,
 Which from our Hearts and Lives are far remote:
 The Antients say, two Words, *Bear* and *Forbear*,
 Patience and Love make up the Character
 Of that Great, Wise, Divine Philosopher,
 Whose richer Treasure being lock'd up in *Greek*,
 The Vulgar Reader would be still to seek,
 Had not the Learn'd Expounder made it speak
English, and that in pleasant, noble Verse,
 Which Laurel gives to's Brow, Scutcheons to's
 Herse.

M. Brian, L. L. D.

Sept. 17. 1691.

Oxonienfis.

Another



Another by the same Hand.

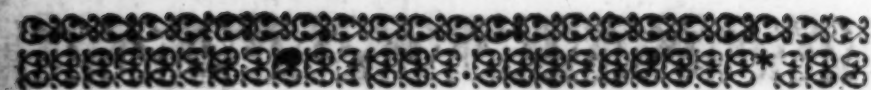
Blest *Epiſtetus*! Where's thy *Virtue* gone!
 I read of none like *thee*, but only *One*
 Of all the *Heathen*, and that's the **Perſect One*,
 Whom *Earth, & Heaven*, and *Hell*, in vain did try
 To ſhake from his renown'd *Integrity*.
Elijah to *Eliſha* left his *Robe*,
 Thou had'ſt thy *Mantle* from the *Upright Job*;
Mirrou of *Virtue* and *Integrity*,
Pattern of *Patience*, and of *Conſtancy*.
 But ſcar'd on *Earth*, *Aſtrae*, *Job*, and *You*
 Are fled to *Heaven*, and carry'd your *Mantle* too:
 O drop it down to cover *Naked Souls*,
 Call'd *Chriſtians*, but indeed *poor vicious Fools*,
 Diſrob'd of *Virtue*, *ſhivering*, *cold* and *bare*,
 Clad with thoſe *dirty Rags* you ſcorn'd to wear,
 Tho' in a *Cottage*, coarſe as was your *Fare*.

—If *Heathens* be ſo good, O then let me
 Not a *false Chriſtian*, but an *Heathen* be,
 The *Devil* dwells in him, but *God* in *thee*.

**Job*, cap. i.

Oct. 29. 1691.

M. B.
A. N.



A N

ACROSTICK,

O N T H E

Ingenious Translator,

Mr. E. W.

*E*ngland and *Athens* now are joyn'd in one ;
*L*earn'd *Epictetus* sings in th' *English* Tone.
*L*ay by his rusty Book of crabbed Greek ;
*I*n *English* Poetry you hear him speak.
*S*o all the dark-tongu'd Oracles of *Greece*,
(their Peace:

*W*hen Truth shot forth full Beams, did hold
*A*ll you, that would Philosophers appear,
*L*earn Nature's Laws, in charming Numbers here:
*K*eepe home, you need no more to *Athens* run :
E're long, they'll all from thence to *England*
 come :

*R*ead here and you will find them all out-done.

Ezekiel Bristed, A. M.

T O



T O

Mr. ELLIS WALKER,

O N H I S

Paraphrastical Translation

O F

E P I C T E T U S

Into *English* Verse.

Virtue has such a Shape and Mien,
 They say, that could she but be seen,
 The guilty World wou'd cease t'adore
 Her Rival *Vice*, and dote on Her.
 Her Nat'ral Charms alone are such,
 They ne're could dote on her too much.
 Whilst *Vice*, with all her borrow'd Dress,
 Can scarce conceal her Uglineſs,
 Although the Crowd, whose Reason lies
 Not in their Judgment, but their Eyes,

Led

Led by Appearances away,
 Her, as their Sov'raign Power, obey;
 Whilst the more Wise consid'rate few,
 Who judge not till a Second View,
 Having unrob'd her, soon perceive
 Her Dress doth all her Beauty give.
 So have I in a Crowd survey'd
 A Beauteous, but an Ill-dress'd Maid,
 And an Old Woman standing by
 With Jewels and Deformity:
 And from the distance of the Place,
 Concluded that the Beauteous Face
 Was there, where the best Dressing was:
 But soon as e're I nearer drew,
 I found my Judgment was untrue,
 And curs'd the partial Fates, who gave
 To wither'd Age what Youth should have.
 For though no Artificial Dress
 Charms like it's nat'ral Nakedness,
 Yet since that Use prevails so far,
 That every one some Dress must wear,
 The best doth best become the Fair.
 And yet *Philosophy*, till now,
 In home-spun Prose was us'd to go,
 Whilst *Phæbus*, and the Nine, in state,
 Did on ill-govern'd Passions wait,
 Till you, more Wise, did kindly teach
Apollo, what he ought to Preach.
 You from the Dowdy took the Dress,
 And did it upon Beauty place.

True, *Epictetus* did disclose
 Th' Angelick Maid at first in Prose :
 He first the fair *Idea* saw
 By halves, and but by halves did draw :
 He dug the *Ore* first from the *Mine*,
 But you Refin'd it, made it *Coin* ;
 He an unfinish'd Picture drew,
 Which now is made compleat by you.
 Bold Man! — Since there was never yet
 One found, who Pencil durst to set
 T' *Appelles' Venus*, how durst you
 Conclude that Draught which *Epictetus* drew ?
 A Picture, which exceeds as far
 His, as the Sun the meanest Star,
 For there the *Body's Beauties* shin'd,
 But here the Beauties of the *Mind*.

By



By the same Hand.

THus the Divine *Lucretius* heretofore,
 Great *Epicurus*' Doctrine did restore ;
 He taught the Antient *Latins* first to know
 The cause of Hail, of Thunder, Ice, and Snow :
 He sung of Nature's Works ; his daring Muse
 Did not her deepest Mysteries refuse,
 But ventur'd boldly out, and bravely first
 At untouch'd Virgin-streams did quench her
 thirst.

He clad *Philosophy* in a taking Dress,
 Taught her at once how to instruct and please :
 The Work was great, worth that immortal Fame
 Which does, and ever shall attend his Name.
 Him you succeed in time, though your Design
 Is nobler far than his, and more Divine :
 He sang the Knowledge of *Corporeal* things ;
 Your Muse the *Soul* and her Improvement sing
 By how much *Form* than *Matter* better is,
 So much *your* Subject is more worth than *his* ;
 Nor is your Author had in less esteem
 Than that great Man so much admir'd by him

Not that we'd add to *Epictetus*' Fame
 By taking ought from *Epicurus*' Name;
 Both justly Immortality do claim;
 Both wrote in *Greek*, both their Translators sung
 Their Authors Meaning in their Native Tongue;
 Both rich in Numbers, both divinely sweet,
 Both seem to write their own, and not translate;
 Both seem alike to merit equal Praise,
 And both alike seem to deserve the Bays:
 This alone he is by you out-done,
 The Prize is greater far for which you run,
 At the Goal as soon as he you come.

WILLIAM CLARK

Of *Katherine-Hall* in *Cambridge*.

To

*To the Author on his Poetical Version
Epictetus his Manual.*

WHilst others into *Nature's* Secrets pry,
And as their Mistress court *Philosophy*,
Whil'st there they ransack thro' the hidden stor
To search for Wisdom, as the glittering Ore;
In vain do they the eager Suit renew,
In vain the treacherous flying Guide pursue,
Thro' various and perplexed Mazes led,
Truth's still in Darkness undiscovered.

Here disengag'd the Soul is nobly fraught
With Maxims, which the Wise and Learn'd ha
From *Fancy* and *Opinion* wholly free, (taught
She now *regains* and *keeps* her Liberty :
Calm and sedate, as freed from Grief or Pain,
She still enjoys a peaceful Halcyon Reign ;
Shewing how few things *Happiness* do make,
And what it is Men call so by mistake.
Such were these Rules ; but 'tis to *You* we owe
That they in Numbers and in Measure flow ;
So *Bards* and *Druids* under awful Shade
Of Reverend Aged *Oak*, of old convey'd
Their sacred Verse to the admiring Throng,
And taught 'em Virtue as they heard their Son
These were our Native *Prophets* ; such are *you*
Prophet, *Philosopher* and *Poet* too.

Emmanuel College,
Sept. 28, 1691.

WILL. PEIRSON
T H



THE

LIFE

OF

EPICTETUS.

E *Pictetus* was Born about the End of Nero's Empire, at *Hierapolis*, a City of *Phrigia*: During the First Years of his Life, he was a Slave to *Epaphroditus*, a Libertine and Captain of Nero's Life-Guard, of whom there is nothing Remarkable, but only his being Master of so Renowned a Slave. How he obtained his Liberty and became a Philosopher of the Stoick Sect,

xxiv *The Life of* EPICTETUS.

Sect, is uncertain; only this we find, that he upon the Edict made in the Eighth Year of *Domitian's* Empire, was forced as a Philosopher to quit the City of *Rome* and *Italy*, and amongst others to retire to *Nicopolis*, a City of *Epirus*, called by the Moderns *Prevesa*. He had far renounced Ostentation and Ambition, then reigning Vices amongst all the Philosophers; and tho' he was much esteemed by the Emperor *Adrian* and his Successors, in whose Reigns he lived; yet we have no Grounds to believe, that any of them bestowed upon him so much, as might set him above even extreme Poverty. The Reason of this probably was his obstinate Contempt of Riches, which would not suffer any Favours of that kind to be fasten'd upon him. For as *Vincentius Obsepæus* witnesseth, his House at *Rome* was without a Door, his Attendance only an old Servant Maid, and all his Household-stuff, an Earthen Lamp; to the Light of which we owe those beautiful, those divine Thoughts, of which *Arrian* hath preserved these Noble Remains. This after his Death

The Life of EPICTEtus. xxv

d, was so much valued (*Lucian* reporting
ne it) that it was sold for Three Thousand
as Drachmas, or Groats: The Purchaser
thinking that if by Night he constantly
to read thereby, he should not only attain
al his Wisdom, but grow into equal Admi-
adration. *Epictetus* would have all Philo-
on, sophy to consist in Continence and Pat-
ni-ence, for which Reason he had always
m those Two Words in his Mouth, *Bear*
uc and *Forbear*; Words which in *Greek* have
yet a peculiar Elegance, there being but the
ny Difference of a single Letter between
asthem, and which were generally as well
Po-practis'd as taught by him; for during
oly the time of his Slavery, his brutal Master
es *Epaphroditus* would make it his ordinary
o Pastime to wrench *Epictetus*, his Slave's
Fo Leg; who smilingly and without the
hideast Passion told him, that if he con-
hisinu'd his Sport, he would break it,
aid which accordingly he did. *Did not I tell*
you, (then said he) *you would break my*
ow Leg? How great a Piece of Patience was
nts his, scarce to be parallel'd, except in
nel his other of his own, which was, that
at when his Iron Lamp, he much valu'd,

wa B was

xxvi *The Life of* EPICTEtus.

was stollen out of his Hut, all he said, was, *I shall deceive a Thief to Morrow, for if he come for another, it shall be an Earthen One.* And he was not only a Great Maintainer of this Single Virtue, Patience; but likewise a Practiser as well as Maintainer of all the rest in general: For as there was not any one in his time that did so many good Actions as he; so was there not any that made it so much his Business to conceal them; being of Opinion, that a true Philosopher *ought to do, and not to speak.* But that which seems to be the peculiar Glory and Commendation of him, is, that of all the Antient Philosophers, he seems to have made the nearest Approaches to the true Christian Morality. His Doctrines were in truth so very agreeable to ours, that St. Augustin, notwithstanding his violent Prejudice against the Generality of the Heathen Philosophers, thought himself in Justice bound to make one Exception at least, and to speak of this Author with a great deal of Respect; nay, he proceeds so far as to honour him with the Character of a very wise and exceeding good

good

The Life of **EPICTETUS:** xxvii

good Man. It is but reasonable he should be treated in so different a manner, when we reflect, how clearly he was convinc'd of, and how nobly he argues for the Immortality of the Soul; the Unity and Perfections of God; the Wisdom and Goodness of Providence; and which can be said of none besides, when Humility was so truly his Character, that neither his Morals nor his Practice have the least Tincture of Vanity. To sum up all, an admirable Modesty, a profound Wisdom, and above all, an inflexible Integrity were very remarkable in him, and they recommended him not only to the Admiration of all in general, but also in particular to the Esteem and Friendship of the greatest Persons of his Age, who bore him the greatest Veneration. For whatever he said, carried such Force, and met with so general Acceptance and Respect, that no Body could stand out against his Arguments. He died in the 90th Year after the Foundation of *Rome*, and agreeing to the Year of our Lord 151, in or about the 96th. Year of his Age; since which

xxviii *The Life of* EPICTETUS.

time this following Book of his hath continued in such Estimation, as many Learned Hands have been employed in the Explanation of it in their own Language, and some in the rendring it into others. Of the first *Simplicius*, our Learned *Cassaubon*, and several others, who have writ their Commentaries thereon. Of the last, Monsieur *Du Vair*, and Monsieur *Boileau* in *French*: Mr. *Davys*, and Mr. *Healey* in *English*; which now Mr. *Walker* hath not only again translated, but also exceeding them all, hath adorned with most Elegant Verse.



EPICTETI



EPICTETI ENCHIRIDION

Made *ENGLISH*,

IN A

Poetical PARAPHRASE.

I.

R Especting Man, things are divided thus :
 Some do not, and some do belong to us.
 Some within compass of our Pow'r do fall,
 And these are they, which we our own may call.
 Such an Allegiance all our Deeds declare,
 Such our Endeavours, Thoughts, Aversions are,

B 3

Such

Such our Desires ; but Honour, Greatness,
Wealth,

Our Bodies, Life, and Life's chief comfort,
Health :

With all things else, of every other kind,
(That own not a Dependence on the Mind)
Which Mortals, with concern, desire or fear,
Are such as are not in our Power or Sphere.

II.

{ Those Actions which are purely ours, are free
{ By Nature such, as cannot hinder'd be,
substantive alone cannot be
Above the Stroke of Chance or Destiny.

But those, o're which our Powers bear no sway,
Are poor, another's, servile, and obey
The hind'rance of each rub, that stops the way.

III.

{ If then thou should'st suppose those things are
free,

{ Whose Nature is condemn'd to Slavery ;
Should'st thou suppose, what is not thine, thy own,
{ 'Twill cost thee many a Sigh, and many a Groan ;
Many a Disappointment wilt thou find,
Abortive Hopes, and a Distracted Mind.
And oft accuse, nay, curse both Gods and Men,
And lay thy own rash foolish Fault on them.

But

ENCHIRIDION.

3.

But if what's truly thine, thou truly know ;
 Not judging that thine own, that is not so ;
 None shall compel thee, none an hind'rance be
 No sorrow shalt thou know, no Enemy ;
 None shall thy Body hurt, or Name abuse,
 None shalt thou blame in anger, none accuse,
 Nor shalt thou poorly be oblig'd to do
 What thy great Soul doth not consent unto.

IV.

If then thou do'st desire such things as these,
 If thou would'st tread these flow'ry ways of Peace,
 Remember that with Fervency and Care,
 Not chill'd with cold Indifference, thou prepare.
 Some things must be to thy dear self deny'd
 For a short space, some wholly laid aside.
 For if at once thou do'st desire to reign;
 Be rich, and yet true Happiness attain ;
 That is, at once be very wise and vain.
 By this impartial Chace, 'tis likely you
 Both Games may lose, which you at once pursue;
 Desiring this, you wealth and Pow'r may lose,
 True Happiness destroy, pursuing those :
 You by one Care, the other will defeat,
 And neither happy be, nor rich, nor great.

B 4

V. When

EPICETI

V.

When *Fancy* then with her black Train appears
Of Difficulties, Dangers, Hardships, Fears,
With a pale ghastly Face, whose awful Frown
Frights Sleep away, and hardens Beds of Down
Be ready to say thus: *That which I see,*
Is not indeed that which it seems to be.

Then straight examine it, and try it by
Those Rules thou hast, but this especially,
Whether it points at things in us, or no ;
If not at things which in our Pow'r we know
'Tis but a Bug-bear Dream, an empty Show ;
Of no Concern to thee ; like Clouds that fly
In various Forms, and vanish in the Sky.

VI.

With our Aversions and Desires, doth rise
A smiling Twin-born Hope, whose Flatteries
Do equally themselves to each divide,
And with the like kind Looks sooth either side.
This, with a Promise of obtaining, fires
The eager Mind, and tickles the Desires,
This promiseth, that something we shall shun,
From which we are averse, from which we run.

Now

ENCHIRIDION.

Now what Misfortunes, Vulture-like, attend
The poor defeated Wretch, that fails of's end!
And, ah! What real Grief doth him surprize,
Who suffers that, from which with Care he flies!
If then thou only do'st such things decline,
As are within thy Power, by Nature thine,
Nothing shall ever frustrate thy Design.
But if from Sicknels, Want, or Death thou fly,
In Sorrows thou shall live, in Terrors die.

VII.

Therefore be sure, that thy Aversions fall
Only on things which thou thine own may call;
But for the present all Desires suspend;
For if to things not in thy power they tend,
Folly and Grief thou'lt find, but lose thy End.
And as for things even in thy power, what's fit,
It may be well presum'd, thou know'st not yet;
What's most to be esteem'd, what most admir'd,
What with most Fervency and Zeal desir'd.
Be wary then, as cautious Generals are,
When they for Entrance at some Breach prepare,
Where Ambuscade, or bursting Mines they fear.
Do not engage so soon, till Reason scout,
And first survey the Object round about:

EPICTETI

Think that dark Snares thick in thy Paths are laid,
Think that each Step may on some Danger tread,
Approach with prudent Leisure, that with ease
You may withdraw your Forces when you please.

VIII.

In things that charm the Soul, which Love
incite,

By Nature's Force, Use, Profit, or Delight,
Beginning from the meanest things, that share
Your tender thoughts, consider what they are,
As thus: Suppose some modish new Device
Of Potter's Skill in Earthen Ware thou prize;
Consider, 'tis but varnish'd Clay, that's broke
By ev'ry light and accidental Stroke;
Thus when the pleasing Toy you broken find,
The puny Loss shall not disturb your mind.
Thus if a kind soft Wife, or prattling Boy,
With Beauty charm, and a Paternal Joy,
Consider these dear Objects of thy Love,
Which round thy Heart with so much Pleasure
Are but meer Mortal Pots of finer Clay, (move
Wrought with more Art, more subject to Decay;
Poor, feeble, sickly things of humane kind,
To the long Cares of a short Life confin'd ;

The

ENCHIRIDION.

The riotous Sport of Death, whose Beauties must
Crumble to their First Principles of Dust.
Arm'd with these thoughts, thou never shalt bewail
The Loss of things so ruinous and frail:

IX.

In ev'ry thing thou undertak'st, 'tis fit
Thou in true Judgment's Scales examine it ;
Weigh every Circumstance, each Consequence,
And usual Accident arising thence.
As thus : Suppose you for the *Bath* prepare ;
Consider the Disorders frequent there ;
One throwing Water in another's Face ;
Some railing, others jostled from their place ;
This Bully giving, that receiving Blows ;
Some picking Pockets, others stealing Cloaths ;
With safety thus you the wish'd Port may make ;
If thus you Preface what you undertake ;
I'll instantly go wash, resolv'd to do
What Nature and my Will incline me to.
And thus in all things else prepare thy Mind ;
And tho', perhaps, thou some Disturbance find,
When thou prepar'st to wash, unshockt thou'lt say,
This Hind'rance I expected in my way :

This

*This I consider'd, when resolv'd to do,
What Nature and my Will inclin'd me to.*

*This I resolv'd on. For we needs must miss
Our purpos'd end, when vex'd at things like this.*

X.

Unjustly Men of Nature's Laws complain,
As cause of all their Misery and Pain.
Nothing in Nature can afflict them ; no,
'Tis their Opinion only breeds their Woe ;
If wretched, that alone hath made them so.
They their own *Bridewel* in their Breasts do bear,
And their own Judge, and Executioner.
Not Death it self (how grim so e'er it seem)
Is truly terrible, or it had been
As dreadful to great *Socrates* as thee,
Ev'n his strong Soul had shrunk with fear, but he
Out-star'd the Prejudice, and shew'd 'twas mean
A Notion void of Sense, a waking Dream,
Such as from ill-disgested thoughts doth steam.
A Monster, which thou paint'st with hollow Eyes,
Attended with sad Looks and mournful Cries ;
A Scare-Crow, which thine own Opinion made,
From this thou fly'st, of this thou art afraid.

* When

ENCHIRIDION. 9

*When then we meet some Check in some Design,
 When at each little Hindrance we repine,
 Let's lay the Fault at our own Doors, and blame
 The giddy Whimsies which our Fancies frame,
 Those ill-shap'd *Centaur*s of a cloudy Brain.
 To blame another for things manag'd ill,
 Things subject to thy Pow'r, and Sov'raign Will,
 Shews want of Thought, Philosophy, and Skill.
 To blame thy self, shews thou hast but begun
 The glorious Race, nor hast it thoroughly run ;
 He that blames neither, only wins the Prize,
 Is justly crown'd by all, is only wise.

XI.

Be not transported with too great a Sense
 Of any outward Objects Excellence :
 For should the pamper'd Courser which you feed,
 Of swiftest Heels, and of the noblest Breed,
 Thro' sense of Vigour, strength of Oats and Hay,
 From his full Manger turn his Head, and say,
Am I not beautiful, and sleek, and gay ?
 'Twere to be born in him, the Speech might suit
 The Parts and Education of the Brute :

* Here I joyn Two Chapters together, because in some Books
 find them so, and the Sense requires it.

But

But when with too much Pleasure you admire
 Your Horses worth, and vainly boast his Sire,
 And tire us out with endless idle prate
 About his Crest, his Colour, or his Gate,
 'Tis plain, you think his Owner fortunate.
 You're proud he's yours, and vainly claim as due
 What to the Beast belongs, and not to you.
 Too plainly is your selfish Folly shown,
 Adding your Horse's Virtues to your own.
 Well then; perhaps you'll ask, *what's yours of*
these

Dear outward things that seem so much to please?
 Why nothing but the Use; if then you choose
 What's truly good, what is not so, refuse;
 If the well-chosen Good you rightly use,
 As Nature's Light informs you; then alone
 You may rejoyce in something of your own.

XII.

As in a Voyage, when you at Anchor ride,
 You go on Shore fresh Water to provide;
 And perhaps gather what you chance to find,
 Shell-fish or Roots of palatable kind;
 Yet still you ought to fix your greatest Care
 Upon your Ship, upon your Business there;

Still

Still thoughtful, lest perhaps the Master call,
 Which if he do, then you must part with all
 Those darling Trifles, that retard your haste,
 Lest, bound like Sheep, you by constraint are cast
 Into the Hold. Thus in your Course of Life,
 Suppose you a lovely Son, or beauteous Wife,
 Instead of those less pleasing Trinkets, find,
 And bless your Stars, & think your Fortune kind,
 Yet still be ready, if the Master call,
 To cast thy Burthen down, and part with all.
 Forsake the beauteous Wife, and lovely Son,
 Run to thy Ship, without Reluctance run;
 Nor look behind: But, if grown old and gray,
 Keep always near thy Ship, and never stay
 To stoop for worthless Lumber on the way.
 Short is the time allow'd, to make thy Coast,
 Which must not for such tasteless Joy be lost.
 Thy rev'rend Play-things will but ill appear;
 Besides, thou'lt find they'll cost thee very dear:
 'Tis well if Age can its own Weakness bear.
 Unmann'd with dotage; when thou'rt call'd upon,
 How wilt thou drag the tiresome Luggage on?
 With Tears and Sighs much Folly thou'lt betray,
 And crawl with Pain undecently away.

XIII.

Wish not that things, not in your Pow'r,
may run

As you wou'd have 'em, wish 'em as they're done

Wish 'em just as they are, just as you see ;

Thus shall you never disappointed be.

You seem some sharp Disease to undergo,

Alas! 'tis vain to wish it were not so :

'Tis but the Body's Pain, a surly Ill ;

Which may impede the Body, not the Will :

For all the Actions of th' obsequious Mind,

Are in thy Pow'r, to thy own Choice confin'd ;

Thus Strength and Vigour may thy Nerves
forsake,

And Lameness from thy Feet all Motion take,

But can in thee not the least Hindrance make.

'Tis in thy Pow'r to resolve not to go,

Judge if it be an Hindrance or no.

Thou on thy Feet may'st an Embargo lay,

As well as Chance, or Natural Decay.

Consider thus, in all things else thou'lt find

Nothing can hinder, or confine the Mind ;

In spite of every Accident thou'rt free ;

Those hinder something else but cannot thee.

XIV. I

XIV.

In ev'ry thing that happens search your Mind,
And try what Force, what Faculties you find
For the Encounter of the Object fit,
In the same moment when you meet with it :
As if some beauteous Female you espy,
Whose pow'rful Air detains your wond'ring Eye,
Straight ransacking the Treasures of your Soul,
You'll find strong Temp'rance will that Pow'r
controul,
Whose cool Directions presently assuage
The keenest Fires, the Dog-Star Beauty's rage.
These (if you mean to conquer) soon disarm,
Each soft'ning Smile, and each obliging Charm.
Are any Hardships of laborious weight
Impos'd? by Fortitude they're conquer'd straight.
Nor rowling Seas, nor an impetuous Wind
Can over-set this Ballast of the Mind ;
Secure of Storms you on the Billows ride,
And stem the furious Current of the Tide.
Are you abus'd? Hath any done you wrong
By the base Venom of a railing Tongue?
Soft Patience gives an easie Remedy,
Deadens the force of the Artillery ;

The

The Poyson spreads into the yielding Air,
 Unhurt you find it pass, and vanish there.
 In your own Breast you'll always find supply
 Of Aid : If you but make this Scrutiny,
 No Entrance of the Foe you need to fear,
 You'll find th' Avenues guarded every where.

XV.

With Men 'tis usual, when depriv'd of ought
 Which with much Pleasure entertain'd the
 thought,

To say, that such a thing they've lost : In you,
 Who the great search of Wisdom do pursue,
 To say, *you've lost*, is mean ; say you've restor'd
 What bounteous God did for a while afford.

Thy only Son, thy dearest Hope is dead ;
 Why do'st thou beat thy Breast, and shake thy
 Head ?

Why Man ? he's but restor'd, return'd again
 To the kind Owner's hand from whence he came.
 Thou'st lost thy Land by Fraud ? a vain Mistake !
 How is that lost, that is but given back ?
But he that thus deceiv'd me, was not he
A Villain, and a Knave ? What's that to thee ?

What

What is't to thee? Is he a Knave or no
 By whom he takes, who did the Gift bestow?
 Was't not his own? Thou'lt grant me, I suppose,
 To whom he would, he might of's own dispose.
 While he allows, use what belongs to him,
 Not as thy own; as Travellers their Inn,
 Who as at home are treated while they pay,
 But claim no Title longer than they stay.

XVI.

You wou'd be wise, I'll teach you if you please,
 Withdraw your Mind from such wild Thoughts
 as these;

*If I my wonted Diligence forget,
 My gainful Drudgery; how shall I eat?
 I certainly shall starve for want of Meat.*

}
}

*If I indulge, and not chastise my Boy,
 My Lenity his Morals may destroy;
 He still will steer the Course he hath begun,
 And to the very height of Lewdness run.*

I tell thee, Mortal, that 'tis better far,
 To die with Thirst and Hunger, free from Care,
 With a serene and an undaunted Mind,
 Than live in Wealth, to its dire Cares confin'd.

As for the Boy, 'tis better far that he
 Become a Proverb for Debauchery;

'Tis

'Tis better he were hang'd*, than thou should
share

A Moment's Grief by thy reforming Care :
But this is more than difficult, you'll say,
Too hard a Rule for Flesh and Blood t'obey :
 Yet by a former Rule 'tis easie made ;
 Begin by smallest things, as I have said ;
 Suppose thy Wine be stoll'n, thy Oil be shed ;
 And thus take Comfort : *Where's the Loss, if*
At such a Rate Tranquility can buy ?
If Constancy at such a Rate be bought ?
And there's not any thing that's got for nought.
 Suppose you call your Servant, he's at play ;
 Or when he's present, minds not what you say
 And is the Quiet of thy Soul perplex'd
 At this ? he gets the better if thou'rt vex'd ;
 He grows your Master, while he can torment
 Give not such pow'r to the vile Negligent.

* * *Tis desired that the Wise will not be offended at the
 Word, for if it be no matter, and of no concern, whether the
 Boy be lewd or no, it is no matter, and of no concern, whether
 the Boy be hang'd, for this likewise, *Τὸν ὡς ἐστὶν ἡμῶν.*

XVII.

Would you be wise? ne're take it ill you're
thought

A Fool, because you tamely set at naught
Things not within your Pow'r, but pass 'em by
Without a Wish, with a regardless Eye;
senseless Stock, because no Loss or Pain
Makes you lament, or childishly complain.
Never pretend to Skill, nor wish to seem
Deep Learn'd, nor court a popular Esteem:
But if, admir'd by Men, you pass for wise,
And draw their list'ning Ears, and foll'wing Eyes,
rather mistrust, and doubt your self from thence,
They're oftner fond of Folly than of Sense:
While they admire, while you their Praises hear,
You're nearer to the Fool than e'er you were;
'Tis very likely some gross Vanity,
They fancy in themselves, and love to see
ripen'd in you to full maturity:
As Lust of Glory, or a strong Desire
Of Wealth, or Power, or Splendour in Attire.
'Tis altogether vain, to think t'adhere
To the strict Principles agreed on here,
While you the Course quite contrary do steer,

To

To things not in your pow'r; which if you reach,
You needs must quit the Discipline we teach.

XVIII.

If thou desir'st thy Children, Friends, or Wife
Should never die, but share Immortal Life
With the blest Gods, 'tis perfect Lunacy;
Bedlam hath many a wiser Man than thee:
A Doctor and dark Room may do thee good;
Take Physick, I advise thee, and let Blood.
Will nothing but Impossibles go down?

Thou wishest that what's not in thy Pow'r
may own

Subjection to thy Will; and would'st confine
What's in another's Pow'r to be in thine.

Thus if thou wish thy Son may blameless be,
Though he hath rak'd the sink of Infamy,
'Tis a Return of thy Infirmary;

A spice of Madness still: As well you might
Wish Vice were Virtue, wish that black were
white

*Is wishing then deny'd? And must our Mind
To the dull present only be confin'd?*

No, doubtless you may wish; nor need you fear
Defeat, provide you wish within your Sphere.

XIX.

Him, and him only, we may justly call,
 The pow'rful Lord, the Sovereign of all ;
 Whose Power is such, that, *as he lists*, he may
 Keep what he will, or give, or take away.
 If then thou would'st be free, a Monarch still ;
 Nor wish, nor shun, what's in another's Will.
 Thus what you would you shun, or wish you
 have ;
 Thus are you free ; if otherwise, a Slave.

XX.

With the same manners, which, when you're
 a Guest
 You use at some rich Neighbour's sumptuous
 Feast,
 Manage the rest of your Affairs of Life
 With easie Conversation, void of Strife ;
 Void of rude Noise : As when some Novelty
 Is handed round the Table ; if 'tis nigh
 Stretch forth your Hand, take share with
 Modesty ;
 If it pass by, do not detain by force,
 Nor snatch at it, 'twill shew your Breeding coarse :
 Is it not near you yet, at distance plac'd,
 Shew not your greediness by too much haste ;
 Nor,

Nor, like an hungry Waiter standing by,
Devour it at a distance with your Eye.
Abstain a while, 'tis but a minute's Fast,
Take Patience, Man, 'twill surely come at last.
Now if the same Behaviour be your Guide,
In all the Actions of your Life beside,
As in respect of Children, Wife, Estate,
Of being Rich, or made a Magistrate ;
If modestly you take, and thank kind Heav'n
For any of these Blessings to you giv'n ;
Or if depriv'd of ought, you straight resign
All to its Will ; nor peevishly repine :
Or if, as yet unblest'd, you meekly wait,
With humble Patience, the Decrees of Fate ;
Not desperate, nor yet importunate :
Some time or other, when the Gods think fit,
Bless'd with Eternal Banquets thou shalt sit
Among th'Immortal Pow'rs, and free from Care
Perpetual Joys and Happiness shalt share.
But if so great thy Soul, as to abstain,
And bravely with a noble Scorn disdain
These outward Proffers, which Mankind do blest
Thou'rt sure a God, thou can'st not sure be less.

For what's a God, but a Bless'd Being, freed
 From Cares, that never dies, or stands in need ?
 Thou shalt not only be the Guest of Heav'n,
 But with the foremost Rank of Gods be ev'n,
 Equal in Pow'r. By Methods such as these
 Great *Heracitus*, great *Diogenes*,
 And some, like them, to deathless Honours rise ;
 Who, with th' Immortals, in due Glory shine ;
 Who, as they well deserv'd, were call'd Divine.

XXI.

When you see any one with Tears bemoan
 The Loss of Goods, or Absence of a Son,
 Whom he perhaps thinks drown'd at Sea, beware
 You be not bias'd here, and fondly share
 His foolish Weakness, and commiserate
 His ruin'd and deplorable Estate,
 While vainly he in earnest doth bemoan
 Things in another's Pow'r, not in his own.
 T' avoid this Errour therefore keep in mind
 This reas'ning, 'tis of mighty use, you'll find.
What hath befall'n this Man doth not molest
His Mind, nor plays the Tyrant in his Breast ;
He by his own Opinion is distress'd ;

For could the thing it self afflict him, then
 'Twould work the same effect in other Men ;
 But this we see disprov'd, since some Men bear
 The like Disasters, without sigh or tear.
 You may indeed condole as far as Words,
 This pity mere Civility affords ;
 To tell him he's mistaken will inrage
 His Grief ; to call him Fool will not assuage.
 Beside 'tis Rudeness, barbarous Cruelty,
 T' insult even over fancy'd Misery :
 Nay, we'll allow that you may sigh with him,
 But then beware, lest you perhaps begin
 To be too sensibly concern'd within.

XXII.

While on this busie Stage, the World, you stay,
 You're, as it were, the Actor of a Play ;
 Of such a Part therein, as he thinks fit
 To whom belongs the Pow'r of giving it.
 Longer, or shorter, is thy Part, as he,
 The Master of the Revels, shall decree.
 If he command to act the Beggar's Part,
 Do it with all thy Skill, with all thy Art,
 Though mean the Character, yet ne're complain,
 Perform it well ; as just Applause you'll gain.

As he, whose Princely Grandeur fills the Stage,
And frights all near him in Heroick Rage.
Say, thou a Cit or Cripple represent,
Let each be done with the best management.
'Tis in thy Power to perform with Art,
Though not within thy Pow'r to choose the Part.

XXIII.

The direful Raven's, or the Night-Owl's voice;
Frightens the Neighbourhood with boding Noise;
While each believes the knowing Bird portends
Sure Death, or to himself, or to his Friends;
Though all that the Nocturnal Prophet knows,
Is want of Food, which he by whooting shews.
But say this Oracle, with Wings and Beak,
As certain Truths, as *Delphick* Priestess, speak,
And that through Prejudice you should suppose
This Boder could Futurity disclose,
Yet be not mov'd; distinguish thus, *I'm free,*
These Omens threaten something else, not me:
Some danger to my Body, Goods or Name,
My Children, or my Wife, they may proclaim;
But these are but the Appendixes of me,
To me these Tokens all auspicious be,

*Since I from outward accidents like these,
May reap much real Profit, if I please.*

XXIV.

If you would be invincible, you may ;
I'll shew you a certain and a ready way.
You can't be conquer'd, if you never try
In any kind to get the Mastery.
'Tis not within your Pow'r to bear away
The Prize ; 'tis in your Choice not to essay.

XXV.

When any Man of greater Pow'r you see
Invested with the Robes of Dignity,
In Honour's gaudiest, gayest Livery,
Dreaded by all ; whose Arbitrary Will,
Whose very Breath, whose ev'ry Look can kill ;
Whose Power, and whose Wealth know no re-
straint,
Whose Greatness hardly Flattery can paint :
Take care you be not here intangled by
The too great Lustre that beguiles your eye ;
Beware you do not envy his Estate,
Nor think him happier because he's great.
For if true Quiet and Tranquility
Consist in things, which in our Pow'r do lie,

What

What residence can Emulation find ?
 What room hath restless Envy in the Mind ?
 Envy and Happiness can ne'er reside
 In the same Place, nor in one Breast abide ;
 Nor do you wish your self (if we may guess
 Your real Thoughts by what you do profess)
 To be a Senator or General,
 But to be Free, (that's greater than them all.)
 This Freedom you would gladly learn, you say,
 To which there is but one, one only way ;
 Which is to scorn, with brave and decent Pride,
 All things that in another's Pow'r reside.

XXVI.

Not he that beats thee, or with slanderous
 Tongue
 Gives thee ill Language, doth thee any Wrong,
 Thine own false Notions give the Injury :
 These slander, give the affront, and cudgel thee.
 When Words traduce, or Blows the Limbs
 torment,
 Which in thy Power it lies not to prevent,
 This presently thou term'st an Injury,
 But giv'st no tolerable Reason why.

Thou plead'st thy Carcase, and good Name are
dear ;

The Wound goes to thy Soul, that wounds
thee there ;

'Tis false, 'tis but a scratch ; nor can it find
An Entrance thither, or disturb thy Mind ;

Without thy own consent ; an Injury
To something else without, 'tis none to thee.

Thus when provok'd, thy own Opinion blame,

'Tis that provokes, and causeth all the Pain :

Wherefore beware, lest Objects, such as these,

Gain thy Assent too soon, with too much ease,

Lest fancied Harms thy Mind with Grief affect,

Lest fancied Bliss should gain too much Respect.

Thus thou'lt get Leisure, and a thinking time ;

Thy Notions with due measures to confine ;

To add, to prune, to polish and refine.

XXVII.

Let Death, let Banishment, and ev'ry Ill,
Which Mortals Thoughts with Apprehension fill,
Which most they dread, and with aversion fly,
Be always present to thy Thoughts and Eye ;
But chiefly Death: Thus no mean Thought shalt
find

Harbour, or Entertainment in thy Mind.

Thus

Thus no base Fear shall ever from thee wrest
 The firm Resolves of thy undaunted Breast :
 Not Tyrants frowns, nor tortures shall enslave
 Thy fearless Soul, but, generously brave,
 Thou all their little Malice may'st defie ;
 Arm'd only with this thought, *Thou once must die.*
 Nor can Death truly formidable seem
 To thee, who with it hast familiar been,
 Who ev'ry Day hast the pale Bugbear seen.
 Yet Death's the worst that thou canst undergo,
 The utmost limit, the last Scene of Woe,
 The greatest spite thy Enemy can shew ;
 And yet no more, than what the Gout, or Stone,
 With more malicious Leisure, might have done.
 Arm'd with the Thoughts of Death, no fond-
 Desire
 Of Wealth, nor the deluding foolish Fire
 Of Pow'r, shall lead thee on with hopes to gain,
 What Death hath sworn thou shalt not long re-
 tain.

XXVIII.

Wisdom, you say, is what you most desire,
 The only charming Blessing you admire,
 Therefore be bold, and fit your self to bear
 Many a Taunt, and patiently to hear

The grinning foolish Rabble laugh aloud
 At you, the Sport and Pastime of the Crowd,
 While in like Jears they vent their filthy Spleen:
Whence all this Gravity, this careless Mien?
And whence, of late, is this Pretender come,
This New Proficient, this Musheroom,
This Young Philosopher with half a Beard?
Of him, till now, we have no mention heard:
Whence all this supercilious Pride of late?
This stiff Behaviour, this affected Gate?
 This will perhaps be said, but be not you
 Sullen, nor bend a supercilious Brow,
 Lest thus you prove their vile Reproaches true,
 Which are but Words of course, the Excrement,
 The usual Malice which alike they vent
 Upon the Guilty and the Innocent.
 But firmly still to what seems best adhere,
 As if by Heav'n's Commands you ordered were
 To keep that Post, not to be driv'n from thence
 By force, much less a scurrilous Offence.
 Maintain this Maxim, and you soon will grow,
 The Praise and Wonder of your scoffing Foe:
 Forc'd to confess his Faults, he'll court you more
 Than he reproach'd, or laugh'd at you before.

But

But if his Mock'ry makes you tamely yield,
And quit your noble Station in the Field,
You merit Laughter on a double score,
First for attempting, then for giving o'er.

XXIX.

If to please others, studying to be dear
In their kind Thoughts, you move beyond your
Sphere

And look abroad, Respect and Praise to gain,
And the poor outward Trifle call'd a *Name* ;
You lose the Character you wish to bear,
You lose your Station of Philosopher.
Let it suffice that such your self you know,
No matter whether other Men think so :
Let it be to your self, if wise you'd seem ;
And 'tis enough, you gain your own Esteem.

XXX.

Let not these Thoughts torment you ; *I, alas !*
In low ignoble Poverty shall pass
My wretched Days, and unregarded lie
Buried alive, in dark Obscurity ;
No Honour, no Preferment shall I have,
But 'Scutcheonless descend into the Grave.

This is a wond'rous Hardship you bemoan,
 A grievous Ill, when really 'tis none;
 The outward Want of Pow'r, Preferment, Place;
 Is no more Misery, than 'tis Disgrace:
 And that 'tis no Disgrace I shall evince;
 Where's the Disgrace you are not made a Prince?
 Or that you're not invited to a Feast?
 'Tis none, by every Man of Sense / confess:
 For where's the Man in's Wits that can expect
 That things not in your Pow'r you should effect?
 And why of want of Pow'r should you complain?
 Who can no Place or Honour justly claim,
 Excepting things in your own Pow'r; in these
 You may be Great, and Pow'rful as you please.
 But then you plead; *I thus shall useless grow*
To those I love, nor shall I kindness shew,
Nor Wealth nor Pow'r on my best Friends bestow,
Nor by my Int'rest cause them to become,
Free of each gainful Privilege in Rome;
Nor, when I please, an Officer create,
Nor raise them to be Utensils of State.
 And whoe'er told you yet, that these things lie
 Within your Power or Capacity?

Or where's the Man, that can to others grant
 That Place or Honour he himself doth want?
 Bur they're importunate, alas! and cry,
Get it, that we your Friends may gain thereby.
 Answer them thus, I'll do it if I can,
 So I may keep my self a modest Man,
 Just to my self, still innocent and free;
 A Man of Honour and Integrity,
 I'll use my best Endeavours; if I may
 Gain it on these Conditions, shew the Way;
 But if you think I'll this true Wealth forgo;
 That you may something gain, that is not so:
 See, how unjust this Self-partiality!
 And, to be plain, you are no Friends for me;
 If you prefer a base penurious End,
 Before an honest and a modest Friend:
 Suppose your Choice were such, then shew me how,
 What you so earnestly desire to do,
 And keep my Principles of Freedom too;
 But think not I will part with Happiness,
 That you some worthless Pleasure may possess.
 But thus your Countrey nothing by you gains:
 What's this Advantage that your Countrey
 claims?

Is it that Baths you make, with Cost and Charge?
 Or Porches build unimitably large,
 Where late Posterity may read your Name,
 Which there you consecrate to lasting Fame?
 These Gifts from you your Countrey can expect
 No more than Physick from an Architect,
 Or that a Shoemaker should Armour make,
 Or of your Foot a Smith the Measure take;
 For 'tis enough, if each perform in's Trade
 The Work, for which he seems by Nature made:
 If each Man mind the way in which he's plac'd,
 The Smith his Anvil, Shoemaker his Last.
 And thus if you the Height of Wisdom reach,
 And, what so well you know, as well can teach,
 If by these Noble Methods you profess,
 You with another honest Man can bless
 The City where you dwell, you give no less
 Than he, who on his Countrey doth confer
 Porches, or Baths, or Amphitheatre.
Well then, i'th' City, where I usefull am,
What Office shall I have? Such as you can,
 Keeping your Honour, and your Conscience free;
 With spotless Innocence and Modesty:

But

But if while fondly you desire to please
Your Fellow-Citizens, you part with these,
You labour but in vain ; for where's the Use
Of one grown impudent and scandalous ?

XXXI.

Is any one saluted, or embrac'd
With more Respect than you ? or higher plac'd
At Table ? Is he thought more grave and wise,
Of better Parts, and abler to advise ?
Grudge not : But, if these things be good, rejoyce
They're plac'd so well, and meet so good a Choice :
And if they're bad, why should you take Offence,
That you in these have not the Preference ?
But how can you, that neither cringe nor bow,
Nor other antick Spaniel-tricks do shew,
Nor flatter, fawn, forswear, assent or lie,
Nor use that servile knavish Industry,
By which base supple Slaves their Ends obtain,
The same Respect, or the same Favour gain ?
And how should you, who scorn to condescend,
With early Morning Visits to attend
Th'awaking of a rich, proud, pow'rful Friend,
Expect to share th' Advantages that fall
To him, that helps to fill his crowded Hall ?
Or,

Or, like a Centinel, still walks before
 His Patron's House, and almost courts his Door;
 Who, after long Attendance, thinks he's blest'd,
 As much as *Persians* bowing to the *East*,
 When the Sun rises from his watry Nest;
 And swears the *Eastern* God doth not dispense
 A kinder, or a gentler Influence,
 And that each Look, each Smile of his, doth
 bring

Warmth to the Summer, Beauty to the Spring.
 Who, when his Lordship frowns, admires the
 Grace

And manly Fierceness that adorns his Face;
 Applauds the Thunder of his well-mouth'd Oaths,
 And then the modish Fashion of his Cloaths,
 And vows the Taylor, who the Garments made,
 Happy in making them, though never paid.
 These are the Means by which he stands pos-
 sess'd

Of Favours, by each Fly-blown Fool carefs'd,
 At ev'ry Feast an acceptable Guest.

These if you'd purchase, and not give the Price,
 Unjust, unsatiable's your Avarice:

As for familiar Instance, What's the Rate,
 The Gard'ner holds, and sells his Lettuce at?

Let

Let us suppose a Farthing ; he that buys
 Bears off the Purchase, but lays down the Price ;
 Your Sallad Wants these Lettuce, you withhold
 The small Equivalent for which they're sold ;
 Nor is your Case a jot the worse for this,
 For as the Lettuce which he bought are his,
 So yours, who did not buy, the Farthing is.
 Thus if you're not invited out to dine,
 You pay not for his Meat, nor for his Wine ;
 For he (be not deceiv'd) who entertains,
 Doth it not *Gratis*, he too looks for Gains ;
 Right bounteous tho' he seems, he sells his Meat,
 And Praise expects for every Blt you eat,
 Each luscious Draught, each pleasing Delicate,
 Is but a specious Snare, a tempting Bait ;
 You the rich Entertainment dearly buy,
 By mean obsequious servile Flattery.
 If then these things, that must be purchas'd thus,
 Seem useful to you, and commodious,
 Lay down the Value, do not think to get,
 Unless you give the Rate at which they're set.
 These if on easier Terms you would provide,
 And without paying for them be supply'd,
 How can your foolish Wish be satisfy'd ?

Well.

*Well then, but shall I nothing have instead
 Of this dear Feast, that still runs in my Head?*
 Yes, if you're not insatiable, you have
 Enough in lieu thereof, you're not a Slave,
 You have not prais'd him who's below your Hate,
 You've not admir'd his Dinner, nor his Plate,
 Nor past a Complement against your Will,
 Nor in low Cringes shewn your aukward Skill;
 Nor fed his Dogs, to shew the vast Respect
 The Master of the Fav'rites may expect;
 Nor did you admire his sumptuous Furniture,
 Nor all that civil Insolence endure,
 With which at meeting he informs you how,
 When you depart his Presence, you must bow;
 Nor have you born his Arrogance and Pride,
 While he surveys his Board on ev'ry side,
 And fancies that he's bountiful and great,
 And thinks he makes you happy by his Meat.

XXXII.

Nature's Designs, Decrees, and Will we read,
 In things concerning which we're all agreed,
 Which no Dispute, or Controversie need. }
 As say, Your Neighbour's Boy hath broke a Glass,
 You're apt to cry, *These things must come to pass.*

So

So if your own be broke, you ought from thence
 To learn to bear it with like Patience,
 As if 'twere his ; thence by degrees ascend :
 As thus, Suppose your Neighbour lose a Friend,
 Bury his Wife, or Son ; I know you'll cry,
'Tis not so strange a thing that Mortals dye.
 But say the Case be yours, the Loss your own,
 Then what a Howling's there, what pitious Moan,
 What Tears you shed ? *Ah me ! forlorn ! undone !*
I've lost, you cry, I've lost my only Son !
The innocent, sweet, beauteous Youth is dead,
He's gone, and all my Joys are with him fled :
 When all this while you should remember how
 Your Neighbour's Case, like yours, affected you ;
 Without a Sigh, without a Tear, or Groan,
 You bore his Loss, and so should bear your own.

XXXIII:

As no Man sets up Marks that he may miss,
 So no such real thing as Ill there is ;
 For should we grant that ought in Nature's Ill,
 I would argue Cruelty, and want of Skill
 In the great Artist, who all-wise and kind,
 Nothing that is not for thy Good design'd,
 Nothing to grieve, or to torment thy mind,
This

This you think wisely answer'd, when you say,
Suppose a Russian beat me on the way,
Or force me publickly in open Street,
To take a Kick from ev'ry Slave I meet,
Unjust the Violence, nor can I bear
Such an Affront; I must be angry here,
Ev'n you'll acknowledge this to be an Ill:
Thus you remain in your old Error still.
I thought that we had clear'd that Point before,
With such plain Proof, that it requir'd no more;
I shew'd you 'twas no Ill, and bid you blame
False Notions, the base Issue of your Brain.
You're angry at the Man, who did expose
Your Body to the Injury of Blows,
And yet expose your Mind to Grief and Pain,
As oft as any Railer's pleas'd to stain,
With vile Reproach, the Beauty of your Name.
Judge then your self, but judge impartially,
Who's guilty of the greater Injury,
Since you expose your Mind, your Body he?
To grieve, be angry, envy or to hate,
Are Ills indeed, but such as you create:
For these let not kind Nature be arraign'd,
You, only you, are to be justly blam'd.

Where-

Wherefore in ev'ry thing you undertake;
 Let Judgment sit, and just Enquiry make,
 Of all Preliminaries leading to
 The Action, which you have design'd to do ;
 Of ev'ry Consequence and Accident,
 That probably may wait on the Event,
 Be sure that you can bear it, though it be
 Reproach, or Blows, or Death, with Bravery ;
 Which if you carelessly neglect to weigh,
 Though brisk and vig'rous, at the first Essay,
 You'll meet some shameful Hindrance by the
 way.

XXXIV.

You say you'd win the Olive Crown, and lust
 To reap the Harvest of th' *Olympick* Dust;
 That History may reckon by your Name,
 From the great Year when such a one o'ercame :
 'Tis brave, and by the Gods I wish the same.
 But then consider first what must be done,
 Through what a Course of Hardships you must
 run

E'er you proceed, and what may be th' Event,
 And Consequence of such a great Attempt :
 With a strict Course of Life you must begin,
 Confin'd by Methods and sharp Discipline ;
 According

According to direction, you must eat
 Nothing that's boil'd, and such a kind of Meat
 As is allow'd ; then you must drink no Wine,
 Nor yet cold Water, and observe your time
 For Exercise, you must your self inure,
 The Summers Heat and Winters Cold t'indure.
 These Preparations made, you then must try,
 If possible, to gain the Victory,

And that not without Labour, Danger, Harm,
 Or loss of Ribs, perhaps a Leg or Arm ;
 And when whole Pecks of Dust you've swallow'd down,

Been lash'd, and all things requisite have done,
 'Tis possible that you may lose the Crown.

These Hazards when you thoroughly have survey'd,

You still may venture on ; nor be dismay'd,
 You'll find the Burthen lighter which you've weigh'd,

Else you'll desist, and jade like wanton Boys,
 Who, tir'd and pleas'd with Novelty of Toys,
 Scarce warm in one, begin another Play,
 And scorn the tedious Sport of Yesterday :
 Who sometimes Pipers, Wrestlers, represent,
 Or with tough Cudgel try their Hardiment;

Sometimes

E N C H I R I D I O N . 41

Sometimesthe Horn, or the shrill Trumpet sound,
Act Tragedies, and kill without a Wound :

Thoughtless as they, one while your Hand
you'll try

In Wrestling, Fencing next, then Poetry,

In Rhet'rick ; nay, perhaps Philosophy,

But fail in each ; and all these Pains bestow,

Ridiculous as possible to grow,

And make a wond'rous bustle to express

A rev'rend, and more serious Childishness,

Like a grave Ape, whom Nature did create

A Type of you, who can but imitate ;

Who one thing now, another straight admire,

Who, hurried on with violent desire,

Plunge over Head and Ears, before you know

How deep the silent smooth-fac'd Waters flow,

Or weigh the Hardships you must undergo.

Thus some, when any much-fam'd Man they spy

Admir'd for Wisdom, and for Modesty,

Much listen'd to, and courted ev'ry where,

And then, perhaps, some grave Quotation hear,

How true speaks Socrates ! nor can it be

That any should discourse as well as he !

Are

Are taken with an Itch of being Wise ;
They too, forsooth, must needs Philosophize.

XXXV.

Having consider'd thus what's to be done,
The Hazards, Hardships, and the Risque you run,
Consider with what Strength you are endow'd,
What Nature for th' Encounter hath allow'd ;
As if you affect th' *Olympick* Exercise,
Examine well your Back, your Shoulders, }
Thighs, }
What Brawn, what Sinews for the Enterprize.
Nor will each sort of Strength suit each Exploit,
This runs, that leaps, this wrestles, throws the
Coit :

So if the Combat with your self you try,
And, by strict Methods of Philosophy,
Your own rebellious Passions strive to tame,
And thus a more illustrious Conquest gain,
You can't expect t'indulge and gratifie
Your Genius with accustom'd Luxury.
Nay, 'tis a Contradiction, 'tis t'obey
Those very Lusts you mean to drive away.
You should consider whether you can bear
The want of far-fetch'd Dainties, travel'd Chear ;

You

You should consider whether you can dine,
Without a Catalogue of costly Wine,
Whether that Squeamishness you can forget
That makes you keep an Almanack for Meat,
That makes you sweat, and faint, when you
behold

A Novelty that's more than one Day old ;
And to be short and serious, what you think
Of Roots for Food, and the cold Stream for
Drink.

Philosophy's like some brave Heroe bred,
With Labours harden'd, and with Hardships fed :

*Awake, she cries, and let the early Sun
Blush that he sees his Vigilance out-done ;*

*Arise, pursue, press forward, drive away
With chearful Toil, the tedious ling'ring Day,
Business thy Sport, and Labour be thy Play.*

You should consider how you can dispense
With leaving Home to gain Experience ;
How you can part with Friends, and Native Air,
How the Fatigues of Travel you can bear ;
How in a Thred-bare Garment, old and torn,
You can endure the Slights, and saucy Scorn
Of Pages, Grooms, who, in proud Liv'ries dress'd,
Fancy a tatter'd Coat a mighty Jest ;

How

How it will relish with you to be us'd
 Worse than the basest Slaves, to be refus'd
 All Honour, Pow'r, and Trust, Preferment, Place,
 Not to be call'd your Worship, styl'd your Grace.
 In these examine well your self, and try
 Whether you're willing, at such rates, to buy }
 Freedom, a quiet Mind, and Constancy :
 Lest, like the Boys I told you of, you prove
 Now a Philosopher, then fall in love
 With frothy Trash of Orators, and thence
 Straight a Collector of th' Excise commence ;
 Then tir'd with this, your fond Desires dilate,
 And wish to be a Minister of State.
 These are wide Contraries, as opposite
 As Virtue is to Vice, as Black to White.
 You can but make one single Man, and he
 A wise good Man, or foolish Knave must be ;
 He the full Sway over himself must have,
 Or be to things, not in his Pow'r, a Slave :
 Skill'd in these inward Arts, or those without, }
 Be wise, or herd amongst the common rout ;
 Or a Philosopher, or Idiot.

XXXVI.

Let your Respects and Services agree,
 And be proportion'd to the Quality
 Of him, to whom these Services you pay;
 Is he your Father? Know you must obey,
 And cherish him, consid'ring all his Care
 For you, when weak and helpless yet you were,
 And bear with him in all things, knowing how
 Nature oblig'd him to be kind to you;
 All this to Gratitude it self is due:
 He heard your peevish Brawling, strove t' allay
 Your Childish Wrath, & wip'd your Tears away;
 And can't you bear an angry Word, or Blow,
 From one so indulgent, one that lov'd you so,
 Who gave you Being, who may well be said
 Twice to have given you Life, in that he fed,
 In that with so much Tenderness he bred
 Your younger Years? *Ob! but, perhaps you'll say,*
He's wicked and severe, I can't obey.
 A lame Excuse, let him be what he will;
 Morose, or Wicked, he's your Father still;
 Whate'er his Morals are, he may expect
 From you at least a filial Respect;

D

You

You can't believe that Nature's bound to find
A Parent for you suited to your mind.

Well, but you think your Brother injures you ;
You ask me here what Nature bids you do ?

Nature obligeth you to pass it by,
Bids you neglect the fancy'd Injury,
Nor mind what's done by him, but bids you shew
The hearty Love you to your Brother owe,
Which can't be shewn by more commodious
Light,

Than when you oppose your Goodness to his
Spight ;

And what long since I told you, think on still,
No one can injure you against your Will ;

The Wrong you suffer doth from Fancy grow,
You then are hurt when you imagine so.

If by this steady Balance, then you try

The mutual Duties of Society,

Which Men to Men, Neighbours to Neigh-
bours owe,

Which Souldiers to their General should shew,

Which Citizens should pay their Magistrate ;

You'll grant they're to be paid, without Debate,
Offence, or Envy, Prejudice, or Hate.

XXXVII.

In this the main Point of Religion lies,
 To have right Notions of the Deities;
 As that such Beings really are, that they
 Govern the World with just and prudent Sway,
 That chearfully you are oblig'd t' obey
 All their Commands, well satisfy'd to rest
 On what they do, as order'd for the best;
 That whatsoever is by them decreed,
 From an All-knowing Wisdom doth proceed.
 Thus their wise Government you'll fear to blame,
 Or, as neglected, peevishly complain:
 But 'tis not likely you should have this Sense,
 These reverent Notions of their Providence,
 Nor can you without murmuring resent
 Their partial, and unequal Management,
 If you distinguish into Good and Ill,
 Things not depending on your Pow'r and Will.
 Now if these Attributes of Bad and Good,
 Of things within your Pow'r, be understood,
 You lay the Fault at your own Door, and clear
 The Gods of being partial and severe:
 But if you think that outward things can be
 Some good, some bad; with this Absurdity
 You wound the Goodness of the Deity;

Your God a vile malicious Fiend you make,
Cruel, or weakly, given to mistake.

Whom, when you foolishly averse would fly
Death, or like natural Necessity,

Or any thing, which you have wish'd for, miss,
You needs must hate, and say the Fault is his,
To whom, though he hath kindly giv'n you Will
To wish or not to wish, you impute the Ill ;
And, as 'tis nat'ral, with like Hate reflect
On him, the cruel Cause, as on th' Effect.

Insects, and Brutes themselves, have thus much
Sense,

Alike t' abhor th' Offender and th' Offence ;
Thus a fierce Cur follows and bites the Stone,
And then pursues the Man by whom 'twas
thrown :

As on the contrary, they love, they admire,
What serves their Wants, and answers their Desire,
And none, sure, but a Mad-man, can rejoyce
In that which plagues him, ruins, and destroys.
Hence 'tis the Father's hated by the Son,
Hence 'tis the grave old Man grows troublesome ;
The dry Bones keep him from a large Estate,
To which he fears he shall succeed too late :

He

He therefore daily wishes he were dead,
 That his kind Heir might flourish in his stead.
 Hence that pernicious fatal War arose,
 Which *Thebes* to Blood and Ruin did expose,
 For proud *Eteocles* resolv'd to reign,
 And *Polynices* would his Right maintain ;
 For both would rule, and both would be obey'd,
 Each thought his Brother did his Right invade ;
 Each thought Dominion was a Sov'raign good,
 Each would assert his Int'rest with his Blood.
 Hence 'tis the Plow-man, when tempestuous Rain,
 Or Drought, have render'd all his Labour vain,
 Rails on the Gods : Hence 'tis the Sailer raves,
 When tost with furious Winds, and threat'ning
 Waves :

Hence 'tis the Merchant curses, if he fail
 Of a quick Market, or a gainful Sale.
 Hence they, who lose Children or Wife, complain,
 That they, alas ! have sacrific'd in vain ;
 What e'er they suffer, vainly wish, or fear,
 The Gods, for certain, all the Blame must bear.
 Nor are they pious longer than they find
 The Gods are grateful, in remembrance kind :

Only devout while Favours they obtain,
 They make Religion but a kind of Gain.
 Now he that only wisheth things may be
 Just as they are, as the bless'd Gods Decree,
 Whose wise Aversion only doth decline
 Things he hath Pow'r to shun, can ne'er repine,
 Nor be provok'd to murmur or blaspheme,
 Nor through false Notions lay the Fault on them;
 He's the true pious Man. But here you'll say,
If we may only wish for what we may
Bestow upon our selves, pray where's the need
That we raise Temples, or that Victims bleed?
Why should we Presents on their Altars lay?
And why with Incense court them ev'ry Day?
Where's the Reward for this? What's the Return
Of all this Smoak, and the Perfumes we burn?
 Will you not worship them, unless you have
 All that your Lust and Avarice can crave?
 Methinks they've given enough, in that you live
 Under their prudent Care, who know to give
 Better than you to ask; who *that* bestow,
 Which most for your Convenience they know.
 Let's add to this, (if this will not suffice,)
 They've made you capable of being wise.
 Are these mean Reasons why you Sacrifice?

Where-

Wherefore your Off'rings and Oblations pay
 With usual Rites, after your Countrey's way ;
 Let them be given, as what you really owe,
 Without th' Alloy of Vanity or Shew,
 Not niggardly, nor with too great Expence,
 With all Devotion, Care, and Diligence.

XXXVIII.

When you consult the Oracle, or those
 Who the deep Secrets of the Gods disclose,
 Who fill'd with a Divine, Prophetick Rage,
 The Will of Heav'n, and its Decrees presage,
 'Tis plain, the dark Event you cannot tell,
 Else why do you consult the Oracle?
 But if you're a Philosopher, you know
 Thus much at least of it before you go ;
 That if of things not in our Pow'r, th' Event,
 Must be infallibly indifferent,
 Nor good, nor bad ; when therefore you draw
 nigh
 The hallow'd Cavern of the Deity,
 The Will, and the Decrees of Fate t' inquire,
 Approach without Aversion, or Desire ;
 Else to the sacred Vault you'll trembling come,
 Like Men, who are arraign'd, to hear their Doom.

And know, that whatso'er the Fates ordain,
From thence, at least, this Benefit you gain,
That, rightly using this or that Decree,
You make a Virtue of Necessity ;
And what this Benefit doth most inhaunce,
'Tis such as will admit no hinderance:
Therefore with Courage to the Gods repair,
To whom you freely may your Doubts declare,
As to your Friends in whom you most confide,
Whose Prudence and Integrity you've try'd ;
And what they bid you do, let it be done
With the most prudent Care, remembering whom
You chose for Counsellors, whom you neglect
If their Advice you slight or disrespect.
Nor must you ev'ry little Doubt propose
To their Divinities, but such as those,
Which, as wise *Socrates* was wont to say,
Are very dark, abstruse, and out o'th' way ;
Such as are clear'd by their Events alone,
Which by no humane Methods can be shewn.
You must not such light Queries here propound,
Which every Man of common Sense may sound :
As whether Med'cines can restore the Dead,
Or Hellebore can purge a Mad-man's Head ;

No

No Riddles here, in which old Wives delight,
 With which those aged *Sphynxes* pass the Night,
 Nor such a Knot as easily's unty'd,
 Nor Questions which by Sieve & Sheers are try'd;
 But something difficult, and much involv'd,
 Fit only by a God to be resolv'd.

Therefore when Reason says you're bound t' op-
 pose,

Though hazarding your Life, your Countrey's
 Foes,

And with Heroick Danger to defend

Him, you think worthy to be call'd your Friend;

What need of heav'nly Information here;

Of Prophet, Augur, or Astrologer?

Nothing but Falshood, or base Cowardice,

Can make a Scruple of a Case like this,

Since Reason hath determin'd long ago;

Whether you ought t' expose your self or no.

Nay, let's suppose, that you're resolv'd to try

This dubious weighty Point by Augury,

And that by some unlucky Omen's meant,

Death, or the Loss of Limbs, or Banishment;

Yet should these Mischiefs really ensue,

Which by foreboding Signs do threaten you,

In spite of Exile, Wounds, nay Death, you
must

Be to your Friend and to your Countrey just ;
And Reason still commands you to redress,
The one in Danger, th' other in Distress.
Remember how that Misereant was us'd,
Who this kind Office to his Friend refus'd,
By the just Oracle, who drove away
Th' ingrateful Wretch, and thus was heard to say:
*Be gone, thou base Deserter of thy Friend !
Thy Presence doth our Deity offend,
Thou saw'st the Murd'rer give the fatal Wound,
Thou saw'st thy Friend lie weltring on the Ground ;
Without Concern thou did'st behold him bleed,
And not relieving, did'st approve the Deed:
Depart, for thou, even thou, thy Friend hast slain ;
Hence, thou abandoned Wretch, thou dost our Shrine
profane.*

XXXIX.

Frame to your self some Forms, some Rules
whereby
To guide your Life, on which to keep your Eye,
Which whether to your self you live recluse,
Or which in Conversation you may use ;

For

For there are Dangers, which the Wise would fly
Both in Retirement and Society.

For neither can a Ship with Safety ride
Within her Port, if not with Cable ty'd ;
Nor can she be secure, when under Sail,
Though in fair Weather with a prosp'rous Gale;
Unless known Rules, by long Experience try'd,
Her well-spread Canvas, and her Rudder guide.
Nor only in the Main do Tempests roar,
They strike the Flats, and riot on the Shore;
And skilful Sailors, with just Reason doubt
Dangers within, as well as those without.

XL.

Let modest Silence be your greatest Care
In humane Conversation, and beware
Of being over talkative, and shun
That lewd perpetual Motion of the Tongue,
That Itch of speaking much, and be content
That your Discourse (though short) be pertinent;
And when Occasion serves, then speak your Sense,
Without an over-weening Confidence.
Nor catch at ev'ry Bait, nor open at
The common Opportunities of Chat:

As, such a Fencer play'd his Part with Skill,
That, like a Wrestler, breaks what Rib he will :
That such an Horse is of the fleetest kind,
And that his Dam engender'd with the Wind :
That a full Cry of deep-mouth'd, long-ear'd
Hounds

Is the most sweet and ravishing of Sounds :
That such a Lord with the best Wines doth treat,
Has the best Cook, is the best read in Meat :
These are the thread-bare Themes that please
the Crowd,

The Ignorant, the Thoughtless, and the Proud.
But chiefly shun Discourse concerning Men,
Nor fondly this Man praise, and that condemn,
For all immod'rate, and too lavish Praise,
Too great an Expectation's apt to raise ;
And by reviling others you express
Your little Wisdom, but much Bitterness :
Nor with absurd Comparisons defame
One Man, by adding to another's Name :
For thus, by way of Foyle, the one's Disgrace
Sets off the Character you mean to raise ;
With Hemlock this you crown, and that with
Bays.

XLI.

Among your Friends with whom you may
be free

If vain, or frivolous their Converse be,
Or seem to favour of Indecency,
Alter the Subject ; sure you may invent
Some profitable, pleasing Argument,
Which, like a gentle Tide, with easie Force,
May stop the Current of the first Discourse :
But among Strangers learn to hold your Tongue,
Your good Intentions may be constru'd wrong,
You may be term'd impertinent or rude,
Wise out of Season, and be said t'intrude.

XLII.

Laughter, if rightly us'd, may be confess
In some sort to distinguish Man from Beast,
While by due Management it is allay'd,
While the strict Rules of Reason are obey'd ;
But shews if over-loud, or over-long,
Your Head but weak, altho' your Lungs be strong.
For ev'n a Smile, not in its proper Place,
Too just a Blemish on your Judgment lays ;
But causeless Laughter at each Thing you see,
That grinning of the thoughtless Mobile;

That

That senseless gaping Mirth, that is exprest
 Without the Provocation of a Jest ;
 That wild convulsive Writhing of the Face,
 That quite disfigures it from what it was,
 Doth with Humanity so little suit,
 It makes you but a different sort of Brute.

XLIII.

Avoid th^e Engagement of an Oath, or swear
 As seldom as you can, at least forbear
 To bind your self to what you cannot do,
 And only swear to that which lies in you :
 For 'tis a wicked, blasphemous Offence,
 To call the Godsto each Impertinence ;
 To make them Knights o'th' Post, to testifie
 That to be Truth, you know to be a Lye.

XLIV.

If with Civility you can, decline
 All publick Feasts, and learn at Home to dine
 With sober Food, at your own Charge content ;
 But if oblig'd, in point of Complement,
 To eat abroad, be it your Care to shun
 The vulgar Dregs of Conversation :
 As common vile Discourse, and dirty Jest,
 The nauseous Merriment of greasie Feasts :

For

For if your Company be lewd, you may
 Soon grow as dissolute and lewd as they ;
 For there's Contagion in each Word they speak,
 Each Simile they make, each Jest they break ;
 Their very Breath invenoms all the Chear,
 As if the *Harpye*-Sisters had been there.
 Thus hurtful Vapours, rising from the Ground,
 Poison whate'er they meet, leave nothing sound.
 Thus a blear'd weeping Eye is apt to make
 Th' infected Eyes of the Beholders ake.
 Thus Sheep diseas'd, pall'd Wine, corrupted Fruit,
 If mixt, the healthful, sprightly, sound pollute.

XLV.

For Meat, Drink, Cloaths, House, Servants,
 and the rest,

Which chiefly are the Body's Interest,
 Take this Prescription, you may safely use
 Such a Proportion as will most conduce
 To the internal Welfare of your Mind,
 And that's as much as Nature hath design'd ;
 Take just as much of each, as may suffice
 For Health, and strength'ning of your Faculties :
 What your Necessities require, but fly
 Whatever tends to Pride, or Luxury.

The

The frugal Belly's easily supply'd ;
 With wholesome, homely Fare well satisfy'd ;
 Nor hungry, doth abstain from Meat, because
 Not dress'd with Art, with some peculiar Sauce :
 Nor thirsty, do you stay for Choice of Wine ;
 Nor do rich Delicates your Parts refine :
 Nay, the Mind surfeits as the Body doth,
 Intemperance hath the same Effect on both.
 Our Ancestors on Roots and Acorns fed,
 Drank the cool Brook, nor felt an aking Head :
 Without Disease, or Pain, they liv'd to see
 A numerous, and a well-grown Progeny ;
 And were, no doubt, as witty and as wise,
 Without the Helps of studied Rarities.
 An home-spun Suit, tho' coarse, will keep you
 warm,
 And the keen Winter's Rigour will disarm,
 Better than costly Robes of *Tyrian* Dye,
 Beset with Pearl, or rich Embroidery.
 Nor need you such a stately House, as may
 Afford a different Room for every Day
 Through the whole Year, with a large spacious
 Hall,
 Since one small Room may serve instead of all ;

Since

Since you in one may eat, drink, walk, and sleep.
 And why so many Servants will you keep?
 Where's the Necessity of all this State?
 Is it below you on your self to wait?
 Have you not Limbs, and Health, and Strength
 to do
 Those Offices, which they perform for you?
 But you, perhaps, believe 'tis base, and mean,
 On your own Strength, on your own Legs to lean.
 And vainly think 'tis granted and allow'd,
 That to be generous is to be proud;
 And therefore when you're pleas'd to take the Air,
 By brawny Slaves you're carried in a Chair;
 Therefore you hire a Cook to dress your Meat,
 'Tis much you do not think 'tis mean to eat.

XLVI.

Before you're married, strive to live as free
 As possibly you can from Venerie;
 Though 'tis a Lust of a rebellious kind,
 That owns the least Subjection to the Mind,
 Th' Effort of Flesh, of Blood, the furious Horse,
 That bears against the Bit with headstrong Force:
 Yet you're oblig'd in Justice to refrain,
 And to preserve your Body without Stain:

For

For as you think 'twould lessen your Repute
To marry with a common Prostitute,
So you're oblig'd to give your self entire
To the chaste Arms of her whom you admire ;
But if you're born so forcibly away,
As not for *Hymen* and his Rites to stay,
Yet still your Countrey's Laws claim just Respect,
Though you the Rules of Chastity neglect.
Though ne'er so rampant, sure you may abstain
From what's forbidden, from unlawful Gain ;
As from Adultery ; nor need you wrong
Another, though your Lusts be ne'er so strong ;
Since there are other Liberties allow'd,
T' assuage this scorching Fever of the Blood.
But if you're thoroughly mortify'd, and find
No Inclination left for Womankind,
Yet grow not proud upon't, nor those accuse,
Who court those sensual Pleasures you refuse ;
Nor boast your Virtue such, that you despise
The weak Attractions of a pleasing Eye :
That you, forsooth, are cold as *Scythian* Ice,
For Boasting is a most intemp'rate Vice,
Not worse the wanton Sport that you despise.

No, 'tis the Leach'ry of the Mind, for which
There's no Excuse of Flesh and Blood, an Itch
Of being prais'd, which rather than you'll want,
Ev'n you your self are your own Sycophant.

XLVII.

When you're inform'd that any one through
spight,

Or an ill-natur'd, scurrilous Delight
Of railing, flanders you, or doth accuse
Of doing something base, or scandalous,
Disquiet not your self for an Excuse,
Nor, blust'ring, swear he wrongs you with a Lye;
But slight th' Abuse, and make this calm Reply:

*Alas ! he's ignorant ! For had he known
My other Faults and Follies, he had shewn
Those too, nor had he spoke of this alone.*

XLVIII.

There's no great need that you should oft appear
At Shews, or help to crowd the Theatre :
But if it be expected you should be
Among the rest, at the Solemnity
Of sacred Sports, when 'tis requir'd that all
Should join to celebrate the Festival,

See with Indifference, and lay aside
Partiality, and wish on neither side ;
And be not more concern'd for what you see,
Than your own Quiet and Tranquility :
Be these your main Concern, your greatest Care,
And wish that things may be just as they are,
And that the Victory may fall to him,
Who gains the Day, who doth the Garland win :
For while to neither, to you're self you're kind,
Nor can you any Disappointment find.
Be not transported, do not laugh aloud,
Nor roar in Consort with the bellowing Croud.
When the Shew's over, when from thence you
come,
Dispute not much concerning what was done,
As, who's the tallest Fellow of his Hands,
Who best the Launce, who best the Sword,
commands ;
Or whether such an one was fairly slain,
This is to act th' Encounter o'er again.
But say you out-talk the other, win the Prize,
Are you a Jot the better, or more wise ?
You only shew that you admire the Sport,
When there's no tolerable Reason for't :

And

And why so great a Wonder is it made,
That a Man's quick, or dext'rous at his Trade?
That one of greater Strength, or greater Skill,
Should get the better? that a Sword will kill?

XLIX.

Avoid, if possible, th' Impertinence
Of those who prostitute their Eloquence;
Who with a long Harangue, from Desk or Stage,
Both the rich Mobile, and poor engage:
For what Advantage are you like to gain,
By hearing some one an whole Hour declaim,
While *Alexander's* Justice he commends
For murd'ring all his best and trustiest Friends?
How are you better'd by a tun'd Discourse
Of *Phalaris's* Bull, or *Sinon's* Horse?
Or a Description that's design'd to shew
The various Colours of the heavenly Bow,
In a Discourse almost as long as it,
Which the vile trifling Scribler takes for Wit?
What Wisdom can you learn from *Circe's* Hogs?
From *Hecuba* turn'd Bitch, or *Scylla's* Dogs?
From weeping *Niobe* transform'd to Stone,
Or bloody *Terens* feeding on his Son?

But

But if in Manners you're oblig'd t'attend,
 Because perhaps the Author is your Friend;
 Or if that Tyrant, Custom, bring you there,
 Be grave, but not morose, nor too severe,
 Nor play the Critick, nor be apt to jeer;
 Nor by Detraction seek inglorious Praise;
 Nor seem to weep, when he your Joy would
 raise;

Nor grin, nor swear, when some sad Passion tries
 To draw the brinish Humour from your Eyes,
 Nor to the Company Disturbance cause,
 By finding Fault, or clamorous Applause;
 Be sober and sedate, nor give Offence,
 Or to your self, or to the Audience.

L.

When you have ought to do, or are to treat
 With Persons whose Authority is great,
 Let *Socrates* and *Zeno* shew you how,
 And what their Prudence would think fit to do,
 Were they to manage this Affair for you.
 With what a Temper, how serene and brave,
 In such a Case, would they themselves behave!
 For neither would they crouch, nor yield thro'
 Nor would they rude or insolent appear; (Fear;
 Nor

Nor would they any thing unseemly say,
Nor yet through Flatt'ry give the Cause away.
By these great Patterns act, you cannot fail ;
Wisdom and Courage, joyn'd, must needs prevail.

LI.

These Things before-hand to your self propose,
When you're about to visit one of those
Who are call'd Great ; perhaps he's not within,
Or likely he's retir'd, nor to be seen :
Perhaps his Porter, some rough sturdy Boor,
Amongst the Beggars thrusts you from the Door ;
Or when, at length, you have Admittance got,
His Honour's busie, or he minds you not.
But if in spite of each Impediment,
In spite of Slights, Affronts, you still are bent
To make this Visit, know you must dispense
With such small Accidents, nor take Offence
When you're despis'd, nor with the vulgar cry,
'Tis not so great a matter, what care I ?
In whom you through the Visard may discern
(Howe'er they strive to hide it) a Concern,
Who, like the Fox in *Aesop*, seem to set
Those Grapes at nought, as sour, they cannot get.

LII.

LII.

Boast not in Company of what you've done,
What Battels you have fought, what Hazards run,
How first at such a Siege of such a Town,
You scal'd the Walls, and won the mural Crown;
And how your Skill and Conduct gain'd the Day,
While Hosts of slaughter'd Foes about you lay:
For while your Actions you your self relate,
You from your real Merits derogate;
With your own Breath you blow away your
Praise,
And overthrow those Trophies you would raise;
You talk away those Honours you have got,
While some despise you, some believe you not;
Nor is't as pleasant or agreeable
To them to hear, as 'tis to you to tell:
What is't to them what Laurels you have gain'd?
What Dangers you've escap'd, what Wounds
sustain'd?
Perhaps they fancy all that you have said
Doth but their Sloth, or Cowardice upbraid,
And, vex'd or tir'd, they wish you all the same
Dangers, and Wounds, and Hardships o'er again.

LIII.

'Tis but a sorry sort of Praise to be
 A Droll, the Jester of each Company,
 A Raiser of loud Laughter, a Buffoon,
 The Sport, and the Diversion of the Town.
 For he that strains to please and humour all,
 Into the Common-Shore of Talk must fall.
 He that would make each merry, must of force,
 With ev'ry Folly, temper his Discourse;
 Sometimes talk downright Bawdry, then despise
 The Gods, and laugh at dull Morality.
 From such Behaviour, what can you expect
 But to be laugh'd at, and to lose Respect?
 You think you're much admir'd, though much
 deceiv'd,
 You're neither lov'd, respected, nor believ'd.
 For who would trust, love, honour, or commend
 The Wretch, who for a Jest betrays his Friend;
 To whom there's naught so dear in Heav'n or
 Earth,
 He would not make the Subject of his Mirth?

LIV.

You make your self contemptible and mean;
 A Member of the Rabble, if obscene

E

In

In Conversation ; wherefore when you find
Some one to lewd Discourse too much inclin'd,
Lecture him soundly for it, if there be
A fit convenient Opportunity.

Tell him he vents much Filth, but little Wit,
And only gains th' Applause of Fools by it.

Tell him 'tis such as some must needs resent,
Besides 'tis needless and impertinent.

But if by Wine, or Company engag'd,

He by your good Advice may be enrag'd,

By Silence, Frowns, or Blushes, shew that you
That nauseous Conversation disallow.

LV.

When some Idea, that excites Desire,
Courts you in all its best and gay Attire,
As when your Fancy lays you on a Bed
Of Roses, and twines Myrtle round your Head,
Near am'rous shady Groves, and purling Springs,
While hov'ring *Cupids* fan you with their Wings,
While you in the dear Fetters are confin'd,
Of some soft Beauty's Arms, that's fair as kind,
Take heed lest here so far you do pursue
That fancy'd Pleasure, as to wish it true :

You're

You're just upon the Precipice's Brink,
 Pause then a little, and take time to think ;
 Examine well the Object, and compare
 Th' unequal Periods, which allotted are
 To weeping Penitence, and short-liv'd Blifs,
 How long the one, how short the other is :
 Joy in a nimble Moment ends its Race,
 And rueful, pale Repentance takes its place,
 And moves with a sad, fullen, heavy Pace,
 Attended all the way with Groans and Cries,
 Self-Accusations, Sighs, and watry Eyes.
 Think then what Joy, and Pleasure you will find ;
 That is, what Peace, and Quiet in your Mind,
 How you will praise your self, and bless your Care
 When you escape the dang'rous pleasing Snare.
 But if you think the Pleasure may content ;
 So safe, agreeable, convenient,
 As that you'll have no reason to repent ;
 Take heed you be not by its Sweets subdu'd,
 Drag'd by its smiling Force to Servitude :
 And think how much 'tis better to be free,
 The Conqu'rour of such pow'rful Charms to be,
 And triumph in so great a Victory.

LVI.

When you resolve to do what's right and fit,
 Why should you shun being seen in doing it?
 Why should you sneak, or why avoid the light,
 Like conscious Bats, that only fly by Night?
 What though the Vulgar, who all Sense disclaim,
 That many-headed Monster without Brain,
 Your Actions through gross Ignorance condemn?
 You're likely in the right, when blam'd by them.
 But if the Action's bad, you ought to shun
 Th' attempting it, for 'tis not to be done.
 If good; what Cause have you to dread or fly
 Their false Reproaches, and rude Calumny?

LVII.

As we speak Sense, and cannot but be right,
 When we affirm 'tis either Day or Night,
 But rave, and talk rank Nonsense, when we say,
 At the same Instant, 'tis both Night and Day;
 So 'tis a Contradiction at a Feast,
 To take the largest Share, to cut the best,
 And be a fair and sociable Guest.
 You may, 'tis true, your Appetite appease,
 But not your Company, nor Treater please:

Where

Wherefore of this Absurdity beware,
 And take a modest, and an equal Share,
 Nor think each sav'ry Bit, that's there, your Due;
 Nor let your Entertainer Blush for you.
 You may as well say 'tis both Day, and Night,
 As strive, at once, t'indulge your Appetite,
 And please the rest, and him that doth invite.

LVIII.

If you assume too great a Character,
 Such as your feeble Shoulders cannot bear,
 You must, at best, ridiculous appear:
 Glad in a Lion's Skin, you only bray,
 The Ears stick out, and the dull Ass betray.
 Besides you foolishly neglect the Part,
 In which you might have shewn much Skill and
 Art.

LIX.

As walking you tread warily, for fear
 You strain your Leg, or lest some Nail should
 tear
 Your Feet, let the like Caution be your Guide,
 In all the Actions of your Life beside.
 Fear to offend your Judgment, fear to slight
 Reason, th'unbias'd Rule of Wrong and Right,

Under whose Conduct we more safely may
Follow, where her Discretion leads the way.

LX.

As the Shoe's made to serve and fit the Foot,
As the Leg gives the Measure to the Boot,
So our Possessions should be measur'd by
The Body's Use, and its Necessity.

If here you stop, content with what you need,
With what will keep you warm, your Body feed;
Within the Bounds of Temperance you live,
But if the Reins you to your Wishes give;
If Nature's Limits you but once transgress,
You tumble down an headlong Precipice
Into a boundless Gulph: This we may see
If we pursue our former Simile:

For let's suppose your Shoe made tight and fit,
Strong, warm, and easie, as 'tis requisite,
What more can be desired from a Shoe?
'Tis all that Hide, and Thread, and Wax can do:
But if you look for more, you're hurry'd on
Beyond your Bounds, and then 'tis ten to one,
That it must be more modish, pink'd & wrought,
Then set with Pearls, from farthest *Indies* brought,

Then

Then with Embroidery and Purple shine ;
 No matter if 'tis useless, so 'tis fine.
 So there's no farther stay, no farther bound,
 By those who exceed just Measures, to be found.

LXI.

When Women on their dear Fourteen attain;
 They first our Love and Admiration gain ;
 They Mistresses are call'd, and now they find,
 That they for Man's Diversion are design'd,
 To which they're not averse, perceiving then
 That their Preferment lies in pleasing Men,
 In being made Companions of their Beds,
 They straight begin to curl, t'adorn their Heads,
 To comb, perfume, and to consult the Glass,
 To study what Attire commends a Face,
 To practise Smiles, and a beguiling Air;
 Each thinks she is as happy as she's fair,
 As she can please, as she can conquer Hearts :
 In these, and thousand other such like Arts,
 They place their only Hopes, on these depend,
 And earnestly expect the wish'd-for End.
 Wherefore 'tis fit that they be taught to know,
 That these Respects, and Honours, that we shew

To them, on this account are only due,
 That as they're fair, so they are modest too;
 That they are spotless, grave, reserv'd, and wise,
 That these ingaging Virtues are the Tyes,
 That more oblige, than Arts, or amorous Eyes.

LXII.

In outward Actions, to spend too much time,
 Is of Stupidity too sure a Sign,
 As long to exercise, and long to eat,
 To spend whole Days, at least, to cram down
 Meat,

To try what Drink your Belly will contain,
 To be disgorg'd, to be piss'd out again,
 Then half an Hour, like a dull grinning Fool,
 To make wry Faces, over a Close-stool;
 Or like a brutish Swine, in sensual Strife,
 To wallow out whole Hours with your dull Wife,
 When all this precious Time should be assign'd,
 For brave Endeavours to improve your Mind.

LXIII.

If any strive to injure, or defame
 Your Honour, filching from you your good Name,
 Consider, he believes this Blame your due:
 That he doth only what he ought to do,

For

For 'tis a thing impossible, that he
Should so in Sentiments with you agree,
As not to follow his own bent of Mind
And that to which his Judgment is inclin'd.
Now if through Carelessness he judge amiss,
He suffers most, and all the Harm is his.
He truly suffers most, whose Reason's Light
Is clouded o'er, whom Error doth benight;
He the Affront to his own Reason gives,
Who thinks wrong right, who Falshood's Truths
believes.

Then why should his Mistakes your Soul torment?
His own Mistakes, are his own Punishment,
He wrongs his Judgment, not the Truth, or you:
You still are guiltless, still what's Truth is true;
Still 'tis a certain Truth (what e'er he say)
That whensoever the Sun appears, 'tis Day.
And thus prepar'd, you patiently may bear
His Rudeness, and unmov'd his Slanders hear,
And calmly answer, that such things to him
Fit to be done, fit to be said, may seem.

LXIV.

If you a strict Enquiry make, you'll find
That to each thing, two Handles are assign'd.

One not to be endur'd, that will admit
 No touch, there's none, alas! can manage it.
 The other tractable, which every Hand
 With mod'rate Skill & Prudence may command.
 If then your Brother injures you, through Pride,
 Or Fraud, lay hold upon the safer side ;
 And do not straight examine his Offence,
 Touch'd with too deep, and too grievous a Sense.
 Of the wrong offer'd, lest you discompose
 Your Mind, and Wrath to Injury oppose ;
 Lest in a Tempest you your self engage,
 Which only serves to blow, t'inflame his Rage.
 But rather think how near you are ally'd,
 That such Offences ought not to divide,
 And break the knot, which Nature's Hand
 hath ty'd ;
 Remember all the happy Years you spent
 Under one Roof, and the same Management ;
 Remembring this, you'll soon forget the Ill
 Your Brother did you, he's your Brother still.

LXV.

If I should boast I wealthier am than you,
 It follows not that I am better too,

If I should say, I'm the more florid Man,
 It follows not, I therefore better am.
 It rather follows, I am richer far,
 Therefore my well-fill'd Bags the better are :
 My Tongue is better hung, my Phrase more neat,
 Therefore my Language is the more complete,
 Your Bags & fluent Speech have some Pretence
 To being better, to more Excellence
 But you are neither Wealth, nor Eloquence.

LXVI.

Doth any one bath earlier than the time
 That's usually observ'd, or drink much Wine ?
 Censure him not, nor say 'tis not well done,
 Say only, he drinks much, or washeth soon:
 For why should you, till you have understood
 His Reasons, judge his Actions bad or good ?
 Perhaps he washeth early, with intent
 Thus to refresh himself with watching spent.
 Whate'er your grave Sobriety may think,
 In him perhaps 'tis Temperance to drink.
 Perhaps his Constitution may require
 More Wine, his Lamp more Oil to feed its Fire.
 First know the Reasons, then you may proceed
 With Safety to dispraise, or praise the Deed :
 Thus

Thus will you never any Action blame,
And then on second thought commend the same.

LXVII.

When you, in ev'ry place, your self profess
A deep Philosopher, you but express
Much Vanity, much Self-conceit betray,
And shew you are not truly what you say.
Amongst rude Ignorants, unthinking Tools,
To talk of Precepts, Maxims, and of Rules,
Is to be laugh'd at, thought a Banterer,
For how can they approve beyond their Sphere ?
Your Knowledge by your way of living shew,
What is't, alas ! to them, how much you know ?
Act as your Precepts teach, as at a Feast
Eat as 'tis fit, 'tis vain to teach the rest
How they should eat, who come but to enjoy
The present Cheer, to swallow and destroy,
Who come to gormandize, and not to hear
The sober Precepts of a Lecturer.
Let *Socrates* instruct you to despise
The fond Desire of being counted wise,
Who, being ask'd by some, (who had design'd
To affront him with a Jest,) to be so kind,

As

As to instruct them how to find, and where
 There dwelt some grave profound Philosopher,
 Although the impudent Request imply'd
 That he was none, without Concern, or Pride;
 Or the least shew of Anger, led them thence
 To those, who sold Philosophy for Pence,
 Who publickly possess'd it as a Trade,
 And a good handsome Income by it made.

LXVIII.

When Men of shallow Heads themselves advance

Above their usual Pitch of Ignorance,
 To talk of Maxims and of Rules; forbear
 To interpose your Sense, or meddle there;
 Why should you laugh at this, or that confute?
 For what are you concern'd in the Dispute?
 What Reason, or what Obligation lies
 On you, to hinder them from seeming wise?
 Besides to be too much inclin'd to speak
 Shews your Mind's Constitution to be weak,
 Your very love of talking doth declare
 How ill your Principles digested are,
 And that you do not practise what you know,
 As vomiting doth a weak Stomach shew,

O, but perhaps you fancy, that they may
 Construe your Silence, Ignorance, and say
 That you know nothing ; well, suppose they do,
 If patiently you bear it, know that you
 Have the great Work begun, you now begin
 To feel your Precepts strengthen you within.
 'Tis your Behaviour that can best express
 The well-digested Maxims you profess,
 Thus well-fed Sheep do not cast up their Meat,
 To satisfy their Shepherd what they eat,
 But what they eat, and inwardly digest
 By Fatness, Fleece, and Milk they manifest.

LXIX.

If you have learn'd to live on homely Food,
 To feed on Roots, and Lupines, be not proud,
 Since ev'ry Beggar may be prais'd for that,
 He eats as little, is as temperate :
 So if you drink cold Water, and abstain
 From all such Liquors as affect the Brain,
 Why should you seek Occasions to declare
 How moderate, how abstemious you are ?
 For what Advantage by it can you gain,
 If in your sober Cups you still are vain ?

Would

Would you inure your self to undergo
 The Wrath of Winter, play with Frost & Snow ?
 Let it not be in publick, nor embrace
 Cold Marble-Statues in the Market-place :
 But would you to the very height aspire
 Of bearing much, first bridle your Desire
 Of being prais'd ; take Water in your Mouth
 When your parch'd Vitals almost crack with
 Drought,
 And in the very Pangs of Thirst restrain,
 And without boasting spit it out again.

LXX.

The Hopes, and Fears of a Plebeian's Mind,
 To outward Objects only are confin'd ;
 Riches and Pleasures are his chief Delight,
 The Prizes which engage his Appetite,
 These he thinks make him Fortunate, if won,
 And if he fail, he's ruin'd and undone,
 Nor has the sordid, thoughtless thing, a Sense
 Of a more noble inward Excellence,
 But the Philosopher's exalted Soul
 No little outward Trifles can controul,
 No promis'd Joy, nor Fear his mind affects,
 His Good and Ill he from himself expects,

Secure

Secure within himself, he can despise
 The Gayeties, that charm the Vulgars Eyes,
 And Accidents, which weaker Minds surprize.

LXXI.

Such, and so differing is the Character
 Of the Plebeian and Philosopher.
 Now the Proficient, he that labours on
 Towards Perfection, by these Signs is known,
 He no Man blames, he no Man doth condemn,
 He praiseth not himself, nor other Men,
 Boasts not the Greatness of his Parts, nor shews
 On every light Occasion all he knows;
 Or if some Rub or Hinderance he find
 In any Enterprize, he had design'd,
 He blames himself; if prais'd, he can despise
 The fulsome Dawber, and his Flatteries;
 If blam'd, he doth not study a Defence,
 Lest he be carried on with Vehemence;
 As Men, who have been lately sick, take care
 Lest they relapse, and venture not too far,
 Till they be perfectly restor'd, so he
 Declines the making an Apology,
 Lest he should be too eagerly concern'd,
 Before his Strength of Mind be well confirm'd.

All

All his Desires, and his Aversions fall,
 Only on things, which he his own can call,
 And as to things in his own Choice and Will
 His Appetite he rules with Caution still.
 What the World judgeth him, he values not,
 Whether Philosopher or Idiot ;
 In short, he o'er himself is as a Spie,
 He o'er his Actions keeps a watchful Eye,
 As he would watch a Knave, or Enemy.

LXXII.

Doth any Man look big, and boast that he
 Doth understand *Chrysippus* thorowly,
 That he hath dig'd the Mine, and found the Gold,
 That he his darkeſt Precepts can unfold ?
 Say thus within your ſelf ; *Why what Pretence*
Would this Man have to merit, if the Senſe
Of what Chryſippus writ were plain ? but I
Would ſtudy Nature, and my Thoughts apply
To follow her ; but who ſhall lead me on,
And ſhew the way ? 'Tis time that I were gone.
Having made this Inquiry, when I hear
Chryſippus is the beſt Interpreter,
I the dark Author ſtraightway take in hand,
But his hard Writings do not underſtand ;

I find

I find him difficult, abstruse, profound,
 I some one seek, who his vast Depth can sound;
 After much search I find him, but as yet,
 I have accomplish'd nothing that is great,
 Till I begin to practise what I sought,
 What he explains, what great Chrysippus taught.
 Then, and then only, is the Garland won,
 For Practice is the Prize, for which we run.
 If Knowledge be the Bound of my Desire,
 If learning him be all that I admire,
 If I applaud myself, because I can
 Explain Chrysippus; a Grammarian,
 Instead of a Philosopher, I grow;
 For what I should have done, I only know:
 Here's all the difference between him, and me,
 Chrysippus I expound, and Homer he:
 All that I have achiev'd is to explain
 What great Chrysippus writ, and blush for Shame.
 That knowing what he taught, I still am vain.

LXXIII.

To these great Rules with Constancy adhere,
 With noble Resolutions, pious Fear,
 Fear to recede from these, as you would dread
 To tear the sacred Garland from the Head

Of

Of awful *Jore*, or wickedly deny
 To pay your Vows made to the Deity,
 And mind not what the thoughtless Vulgar say,
 Whole Words the Winds blow with rank Fogs
 away,
 Whose Calumnies you can no more prevent,
 Than chain those Roarers of the Element,
 When with their airy Wings they beat the Plain,
 And buffet the green Surges of the Main.

LXXIV.

Awake, awake, how long will you decline
 The Happiness propos'd, and waste your Time?
 How long, through Sloth, will you persist to
 flight,
 What Reason hath inform'd you to be right?
 You have receiv'd the Precepts, such as may
 Guide you the safest, and the surest way,
 To which you ought to have, and have agreed;
 What other Teacher seem you now to need?
 Do you expect that some descending God
 Should leave his blest, and heavenly abode
 To finish what your Reason hath begun,
 To teach you what e'er this you might have done?

Your

Your giddy Years of frolick Youth are fled,
Manhood, that should be wise, reigns in its stead;
Your vig'rous Reason now hath reach'd its prime,
But from its full Meridian must decline,
If lazily you sleep away your Noon,
The Night steals on you, and finds nothing done:
If still irresolute you love delay,
And spend whole Years in fixing on a Day,
And when 'tis come, new Resolutions make,
Which your Neglect resolves but to forsake,
You strive to grow more foolish than you are,
And for gray Dotage by degrees prepare;
A mere *Plebeian* to the Grave you go,
Laden with Age, with Follies, and with Woe:
Wherefore begin, let no Delays defer
The peaceful Life of a Philosopher,
And let what Reason tells you to be best,
Be as a Law, that may not be transgress'd.
Begin to live, let your Behaviour shew
What an Advantage 'tis to think and know:
For this alone, we Life may justly term,
To live with Ease of Mind, without Concern.
An hundred Years in Grief and Anguish spent,
Are not long Life, but a long Punishment;

For

For Sighs, Complaints, and Groans, and mur-
m'ring Breath

Are but the Gasps of a more lingr'ing Death.

Therefore whene'er you any Object meet,

Whose Force is pow'rful, and whose Charms
are sweet,

When you encounter Hardships, Danger, Pain,

Immortal Ignominy, deathless Fame,

Remember that th' Olympicks now are come,

That you no longer may the Combat shun,

On this one Trial doth your Doom depend,

You in one Moment fail, or gain your End,

You either conquer, or are conquer'd soon,

And loose, or wear, the Honours of the Crown.

Thus *Socrates* advanc'd his lasting Name,

Thus he the wond'rous *Socrates* became,

Him nothing but right Reason e'er could sway,

Which he believ'd 'twas glorious to obey;

He all Delay, in what seem'd best, thought base,

Not only real Loss, but vile Disgrace.

And you (though yet you have not the Success

To reach the Wisdom of great *Socrates*)

Should strive to live as if you meant to be

As wise, as happy, and as great as he.

Philosophy's most useful Part is this,
 Which shews us what a wise Man's Duty is,
 Which teacheth, what we should pursue or fly,
 As for Example, that we should not lie.
 The next is Demonstration, that which shews
 By Argument, which from right Reason flows;
 Why we, who study Nature, ought to shun
 The Baseness of a false, deceitful Tongue.
 The third is what confirms, gives Force & Light,
 And proves the Demonstration to be right,
 Shews where the Contradiction lies in Sense,
 What is, what is not, a true Consequence,
 Of Truth and Falshood gives clear Evidence.
 This Last is useful, for the second, that,
 By Reason, puts an End to all Debate
 Touching the first, but that's the Part that claims
 (As being the most useful) the most Pains;
 On which we safely may rely, and rest
 Secure of Happiness, intirely blest:
 But we, O base Neglect! the Means pursue
 Of doing well, but still forget to do.
 We dwell on the Dispute, our Time is spent
 Only in framing of the Argument,

Hence

ENCHIRIDION.

Hence 'tis we lie, and with much Art and Skill,
Act what we can demonstrate to be ill.

LXXVI.

In every Action which you undertake,
With great *Cleanthes* this Petition make,
Lead me, O *Jove*! and thou, O pow'rful Fate,
In ev'ry Enterprize, in ev'ry State,
As you determine, for I must obey
The wise Injunctions, which you on me lay;
For should I at your dread Decrees repine,
And strive your sacred Orders to decline,
I should but labour wickedly in vain,
And struggle with an everlasting Chain,
And, after all, be drag'd along with Pain.

LXXVII.

Think on this Saying of *Euripides*,
He, that submits to *Destiny's* Decrees,
Is justly counted wise by Men, and knows
The due Respects, which to the Gods he owes.

LXXVIII.

And this, O *Socrates*, till aged time
Shall be no more, till Stars shall cease to shine,
Shall never be forgotten; for 'tis thine.

O *Crito*,

*O Crito, if the Gods decree that I,
 T' appease the Rage of Enemies, must die,
 Let it be so, the false Anytus may,
 With false Melitus, take my Life away,
 But cannot hurt me, or my Soul dismay.*

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